



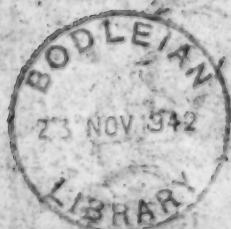
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*JANVA DIVORVM:*  
OR THE  
LIVES and HISTORIES  
OF  
{HEATHEN GODS,  
The {GODDESSES, &  
{DEMI-GODS.

With Divine and Moral Observations upon  
their most remarkable Actions,  
Adorned with 25 Copper Cuts proper to each  
Deity, and put into Verse.

---

By ROBERT WHITCOMBE.

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ΠΙΣΤΙΣ ΔΕ ΘΕΩΝ ΧΑΡΙΣ ΔΕ ΘΕΟΥ. Hom.

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LONDON,

Printed by *W. Downing* for *Francis Kirkman*, and are to  
be sold by most Booksellers, 1677.

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TO THE  
G E N E R O U S  
A N D  
A C C O M P L I S H T

ROBERT CHENEY Esq;

S I R,

**W**Hen I had finisht this small  
*Poem*, I threw my lavish  
eyes with heedful care a-  
bout the World in quest of a Gen-  
tleman, equally accomplisht with  
Knowledg and Candour, that he  
might be as able to judg, as willing  
to excuse, the trips and failings of  
my Virgin Muse. I had not bin  
long in this search, when your tall  
Worth



*Epistle Dedicatory.*

Worth, like the *Hebrew* King, outstript the dwarfish Crowd, and presented it self so obviously to my View, that I must have bin as blind in not discerning it, as unjust in not preferring it before others. So that Sir, like the *Roman* Gallant, it was your own perfumes, I mean the natural endowments, and envy'd acquisitions of your wealthy mind, which alone have betray'd you: Had a lazy merri't still suffer'd you with the drowsie Herd, to wallow in the common Puddle, like them, you might yet have slumber'd away your life in a brutish obscurity; and when age and succession had pusht you into immortality, you need not have undergone the wrack of having

## *Epistle Dedicatory.*

ving your name sever'd from your Body, but both might have layn quietly together, huddl'd up, and forgotten in the common dust.

But you Sir, by accumulating new virtues to those of your renowned *Ancestors*, have run though a more noble, yet a more dangerous fate: For as by this means you have purchased an immortal reputation, so you have laid your self open and obnoxious to the applauses, or rather persecutions, not only of the ingenious, but of meer pretenders to ingenuity also; who so fit to Patronize the more accurate works of the best Authors, or to encourage the more incorrect indeavours of the meaner, as your self?  
who

## *Epistle Dedicatory.*

who by a double tenure of Birth, and acquirements, may justly lay claim to those scatterd *Dividuum*s, which go to the composition of a compleat Gentleman: For as indulgent Nature seem'd to take a particular care to ennoble your Blood, in deriving you from an Ancient Family, so you have shown as great a Circumspection, in deporting your self as a worthy stem of so honourable a Stock: For besides those Hereditary Virtues of Generosity, Clemency, Affability and Charity, which have bin the constant Concomitants of your renowned Progenitors, and so descend to you, like your Estate, by Succession; your Natural love to ingenuity,

## *Epistle Dedicatory.*

nulty, as it adapted you in your youth to a *Literate Education*, so it hath prompted you since to a large proficiency in all the *Sciences*, which being season'd with the necessary experience of a Genteel and Generous Conversation, has render'd you no less admirable, then acceptable to all the Lovers of Wit or Learning.

It was these Glittering Accomplishments which lighted the *Heathen Gods* to take Sanctuary under the secure umbrage of your happy protection, where they hope for a more certain immortality then they could expect from the minute Reputation of the inconsiderable Author. I cannot commend to  
you

## *Epistle Dedicatory.*

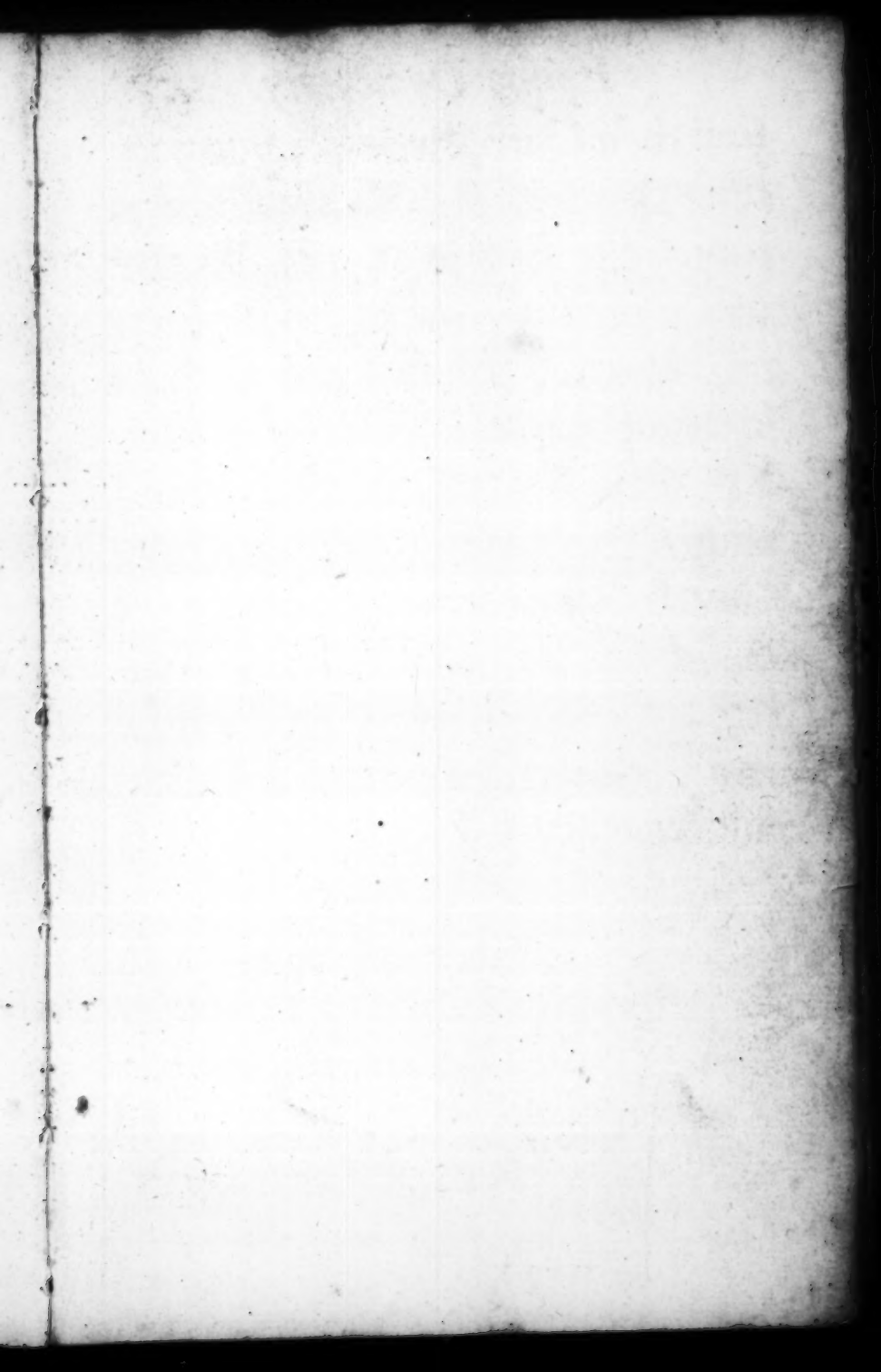
you their Garb, whether you consider them either in Verse or Sculpture; the *Epistle to the Reader* will more fully inform you of the misfortune that happened to them in their Rigging. Only thus much I shall say for my self, that were I assur'd they were Deckt in all the Gayest habiliments of Poesie, I could not be prouder of so correct a Composition, then I am of any opportunity wherein I may subscribe my self

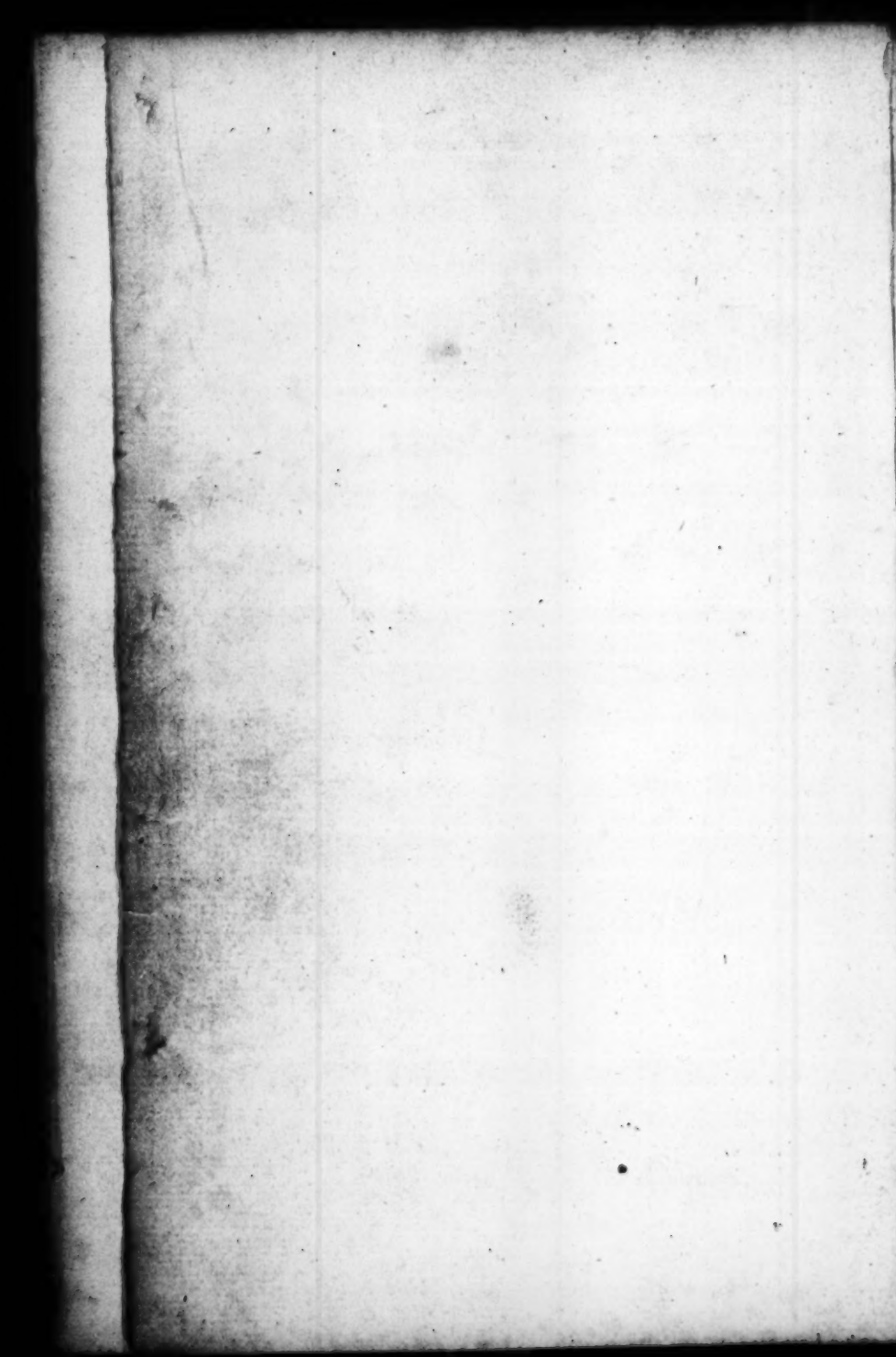
Your Humble and

Devoted Servant,

ROB. WHITCOMBE.









TO THE  
ILLUSTRIOUS  
Madam ELLEN GUIN.

---

*Madam,*

**H**E who has so much arrogance as to make his Address to a Person of your Ladiships Eminence, ought also to have so much humility, as to acknowledg  
A 2 that

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

that he derives a greater honour from the *Dedication*, than he can expect from the *Composition*, of the most perfect Poem; your Favour is more creditable than Ingenuity it self, and an Author need not fear the harsh attacks of Time, and Oblivion, whose Works have the Honor to wear you in their Frontispiece. Next to the Ambition of being known to your Ladyship, this consideration was the greatest inducement that led me to this boldness; or as I think, I may rather term it  
Ambi-

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Ambition, since the minutest of your incomparable Perfections could never make so swift an incursion into my thoughts, as not to find them sufficiently prepar'd with a Reverence, and Adoration agreeable to so glorious a Reception. I knew that tho Curious Nature had extended her endeavors in the formation of your delicate Body, injoyn'd both it and every Limb about you to an exact Symitry, and pleasing Proportion: Tho she had been lavish of her Allurements in  
A 3 wantonly



*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

wantonly strewing them about your Wealthy Face, and to compleat the Fabrick, had enobled it with that brisk air and graceful meen, which certainly she has given you a Patent for, since none could ever acquire it but your Self; yet you could not be content with this her bounty, or think your Self perfect with the additional Blessings of Liberal Fate; you never rated your Self by your Grandure, or took the Dimentions of your worth as others do, by the gilded Coach, gaudie Retinue,

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

nue, and snorting Six---  
These are trifles incident to  
the most empty Darlings of  
Impartial Fate. But you are  
more nobly attended with an  
illustrious Troop of Sublime  
Thoughts, and fair Idea's  
which tacitly invading your  
Great Mind, fill it with that  
Satisfaction & Delight, which  
none but a Soul as large as  
your own, is capable to  
conceive.

It was this brave Elevation  
above the unthinking Croud;  
which induc'd me amongst  
the rest of your Admirers to

A 4 think

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

think such extraordinary parts  
worthy of more than a com-  
mon adoration, and therefore  
I have presum'd to bring the  
HEATHEN GODS to do you  
Homage; they lye prostrate  
at your feet, intreating your  
acceptance, and protest they  
shall live longer and happier  
under your Protection, in  
these poor Robes, than they  
can expect to do under any  
others, tho adorn'd with all  
the gayest Habilements of  
*Poesie*. I, conscious to their  
Infirmities, quarrell'd at their  
Ambition for imploring so  
Judi-

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Judicious a Patroness ; but they would hear of no denial : replying , that as you had Judgment, you had Candor likewise ; and were more addicted to forgive than censure. *Apollo* told me , that in you only he should meet with his Primitive Wisdom. *Mercury* with his Pristine Wit. *Juno* with her old Sovereignty or greatness of Mind. *Venus* with her delicate Beauty. And *Alcides* with his Godlike Courage and brave Spirit. And in short, they affirm'd , that all those Noble Qualifications  
for

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

for which they were formerly  
Deify'd, were only Concen-  
ter'd in your Self, and there-  
fore humbly desired the Ho-  
nor of your Patronage, tho  
Presented by so mean a Hand  
as that of

*Madam,*

*Your most humble*

*and Devoted Servant*

ROBERT WHITCOMBE.





# TO THE READER.

**I** Remember the Incomparable Author of **PARTHENISSA**, tells us in one of his Epistles, that for a long time he had an unusual aversness to Reading, till being call'd upon occasion into France, and conversing there with the accomplish'd Ladies of those times, he found it as absolutely necessary to be skill'd in Romance, as in any other part of Conversation whatsoever: Whereupon he betook himself to Books, and what Proficiency he has made therein, is best known by those Excellent Poems wherewith he has since oblig'd the World at so large a Rate, that it will be her greatest Prudence

To the Reader.

dence to plead Poverty, since she is not able to render him a Requitall. That a Competent knowledge of the Laws and Grounds of Poesie in general is as absolutely requisit amongst the English-Gentry now, as that of Romance only was among the French then, is so easie a Problem, that he who has ventur'd but as far as Charing-Cross; or attempted to come within the perfume of a Courtier, can decide it on the Affirmative. 'Tis thought as necessary to the Complement of a Courtier, as the knowledg of the Compass to the Composition of a Seaman; neither Man nor Woman can safely Sail in the Courts dangerous Ocean without it, unless they are resolved to expose themselves to those Impetuous Storms of Scorn and Neglect, which Augmented by Envy and Interest, will immediately hurry them into one of those Dangerous Gulphs, Ruine or Disgrace.

How necessary the Knowledg of the Lives and Histories of the Heathen Gods will be to those Ingenious Spirits, who design to make an  
inspe-

To the Reader.

inspection into this Noble Science, will most evidently appear if we but turn our heads over our shoulders, to look back into the infancy of Poetrie; where we shall find Homer so inquisitive after their Offices and Dispositions, that at length he is able to give us an account of both their Nature and Affections, and to compleat his Poem, was forc'd to divide them into almost as many Sects and Factions as we have now in England. There was no Battel but some God or Goddess was partial in the event. And since by the severe Mandates of Imperious Fate, Troy was to be Conquer'd, it was no small Comfort unto the declining Glory of the defeated Trojans, that their Deities rather than their Armies were overcome in the Contest. Lofty Virgil lays hold of the same assistance, and that Italian Shakespear, Ovid, Tho miraculously throng'd with those Poetical Blessings, Judgment and Phantasie, durst not hazard his Reputation on their Bottoms; but discreetly laid the steady foundation

To the Reader.

tion of his Immortal Poem on the same Basis,  
and cemented it with the like Ligaments as his  
Two famous Predecessors had done before.

So that the question will not be so much whe-  
ther the knowledge of the Heathen Gods be  
necessary to Poesie, as why I attempted their  
Lives in Verse, since they were so excellently  
Written in Prose. The truth is, I must needs  
submit to the Learning of several Authors who  
have writ of this Subject, I only pretend to  
be a gleaner in their wealthy fields, and acknow-  
ledg the Wheat in my little Mow owes its Ori-  
ginal to their labours. I began this small Piece  
for my own Satisfaction; But (I know not  
how) some of the sheets being scatter'd abroad,  
at last came to a Stationers hand, who was plea-  
sed to think them worthy of Publick View, and  
bad intended to adorn them with all Copper Cuts,  
like those of Venus, Mercury, and Diana;  
but being prevented by a tedious fit of sickness,  
they were forc'd to take up with such as you see.  
I can say little as to the Book, and only thus  
much

much  
they  
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To the Reader.

much for my self, that it was writ in the Countrey about 18 Months ago, and has ever since lain in the Printers hands, who by reason of my absence, has misplaced several of the Histories, and not being acquainted with my hand, has likewise made many gross Errors, some whereof he has directed you to in the Errata, and the rest leaves to the Correction of the Judicious Reader. I might farther excuse my Circumlocutions, or large Exordiums, which I make many times to take up more room than the Histories themselves; which I know is contrary to Art, and can only say, I was in most places forc'd to it, for being by Reason of the Sculptures oblig'd to make every History almost equal in number of Lines, I thought it to supply some of those Niggardly Stories, (which I might have compriz'd in half a Page) with useful Observations, which naturally arising from the most remarkable Actions of that Deity I treat of, will I hope prove more grateful to any intelligent Reader, than an accumulated bundle of invented Fables, which I must otherwise have lapt in their room.

But



But all these Apologies with many others, which I might reasonably add, could not have prevail'd with me to appear in Print, had I not considered that there are many excellent Wits of both Sexes, whom cruel Custom or incroaching Business has debar'd the benefit of the Greek and Latin Tongues, to whom I thought this small Poem illustrated with Cuts proper to every God and Goddess, &c. might not be altogether insignificant, nor any thing the less acceptable because in Verse, whose Chiming Periods seem at once to strike both the Fancies and Memories of the illiterate. To whom, if this Contributes any assistance, it has effected the intention of Thy loving Friend.

R. W.

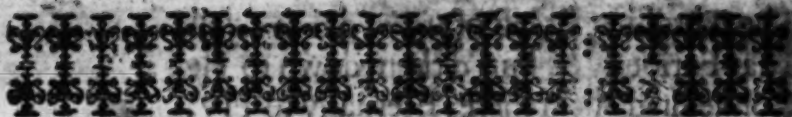




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SATVRNE.



## The Poetical History of Saturn.

**W**hen the great Fabrick of the world was wrought,  
 And all things newly started out of Nought,  
 Ran into form, and made a goodly show,  
 None could imagin whence they came, or how,  
 Sudden th' appear'd, and pleasing to the Eie,  
 As gaudy Rainbows in a Cloudy Skie;  
 Form'd, as 'tis thought, by some Superior Good,  
 Who the first Elements well understood;  
 Knew their compolures, and with Artful hand,  
 Made 'em obedient to his lowd Command.  
 The which down hither, he so neatly hurl'd,  
 That in their fall, they dropt into a World.  
 Within whose spacious Confinesthere was none  
 But *Cælus* found to Rule the Empry Throne;  
 Who as he walk'd his Boundless Empire, spide  
 The Goddess *Terra*, whom he took for Bride.  
 Out of whose Fertil Womb, he soon begot  
*Tytan* and *Saturn*, Gods of wondrous Note,  
 And Monstrous *Cyclops*, Born but with one Eie  
 Amidst their Front; at which Deformitie

The Throbing Breast of *Cælus* did so swell;  
 That Furiously he hurl'd them down to Hell;  
 Condemn'd them there, Eternally to Fry,  
 In forming bolts for *Jove's* Artillery:  
 Which dismal News, when it approacht the Ears  
 Of Virtuous *Terra*, set her all in Tears;  
 Who soon that Passion for a Nobler Chang'd,  
 And stead of Sighing, sought to be Reveng'd  
 Of her too cruel Husband. Straight she goes,  
 To both her Sons, to whom she does Disclose  
 Their Fathers horrid Fact at such a rare,  
 As gave them cause to fear Resembling Fate.  
 Adventerous *Saturn*, had no sooner heard  
 The Impious Story, but without regard  
 To filial Duty, or that Reverent fear  
 Which Children to their Parents ought to bear,  
 With his keen Syth to *Cælus* straight he flies,  
 And Cruelly cuts off his Privities:  
 Commits them to the foaming Sea for Tomb,  
 Where yet they found a favourable Womb, (sprung  
 Ingendring with that froth, from which Dame *Venus*

The mighty Emp'ror of the VWorld thus Dead,  
*Titan* as Elder brother should succeed;  
 But him, his Mother, and his Sister too,  
 Slyly perswaded to Resign his Due  
 (For Life) to *Saturn*, who ascends the Throne  
 He was to hold, on this Condition,

VVhat ever Children Male, Saturn should have  
 By his Sybelle, none of them must Live,  
 That so no Heirs might possibly succeed,  
 But Tytans Linage Reign when he was Dead;  
 The Bloody contract thus agreed upon,  
 VVhen Saturns VVife, Sybelle, was far gone  
 In anxious Travel of a Lusty Boy,  
 VVhich soon as Born, his Father did Destroy  
 VVith open Mouth, tearing it Limb from Limb;  
 A Cannibal appear'd a Saint to him.  
 The new Congealed Flesh, like Gravy run  
 Out of both sides his Mouth, and ere he had done,  
 The offended Blood, besmeer'd his Graceless Cheeks;  
 VVho stop't his Ears against the Infants Shrieks  
 And spotless Innocence, which might have mov'd  
 A Tygar to repent his Rage, and Lov'd.  
 The griev'd Sybelle, mightily dismay'd,  
 To see that all her Sons must be destroy'd,  
 By virtuous Subtilty, resolved to strive  
 The best she could to keep an Heir a Live,  
 VVhich thus she brought to pass, within a while,  
 VVith forward Twins her VVomb began to swell;  
 Her time expir'd, and she did safely Bear  
 Two Lusty Babes, *Jano* and *Jupiter*;  
 The first a Female, was to Saturn sent,  
 VVho nothing Jealous of the good event,  
 VVas well content, and certainly Believ'd  
 That she was all his VVife had then Conceiv'd:



To *Curetes* or *Coribantes* care,  
 She recommends the helpless *Jupiter*  
 To Nurse him privately, and so to Free  
 Him from his Fathers Bloody Crueltie.  
 Divers more Sons did fruitful *Terra* bear,  
 Whose Lives she Ransom'd with resembling Care,  
 Inventing Tinking Games, of happy noyse  
 Which drowned both her little Infants voyce,  
 And stopt their Fathers Rage, and fil'd their Mothers  
 In this soft Calm of state, began that Age (Joyes.  
 Which all the Pens of Poets did engage  
 To Celebrate. That Golden Age, when Man,  
 Stranger to wasting Grief and fretful pain,  
 In cool green shades, made up a blest abroad,  
 Rich as a Miser, happy as a God.  
 Ere simple Nature was by art Debaucht,  
 Or Luxury his Inclination reacht,  
 Whilst homely Plenty with sharp appetite,  
 Imparted satisfaction and delight:  
 His food was such as Nature did impart,  
 Ere with the vicious eating grew an Art,  
 And Chast cold Springs did kindly quench his Thirst,  
 Which by no Feavourish surfeit was increast.  
 When only needful things he aim'd to know,  
 And calm content set limpering on his Brow.  
 These were the blessings of wise *Saturns* Days,  
 To which succeeding Ages gave such prays.



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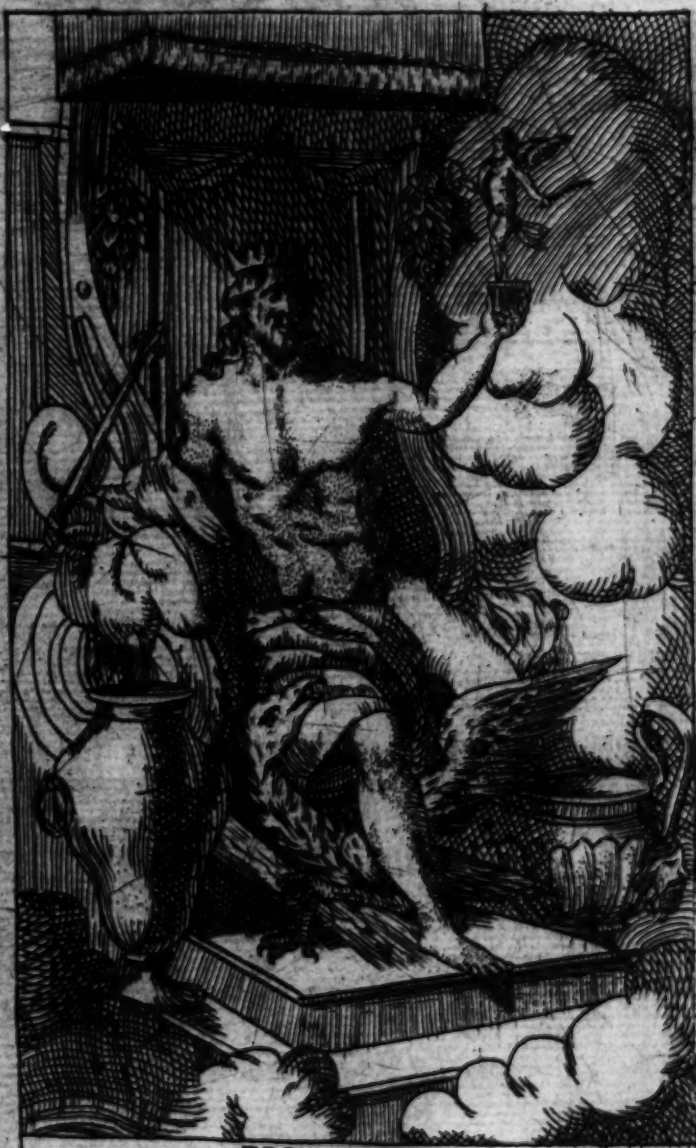
*Saturn*, the God of time, whose mighty hand  
An endless Serpent grasping did command;  
VVho her sharp Tail into her mouth did Twine,  
As a fit Emblem of Reverting Time.

Years end in Years, and Seasons steal upon us  
At unawares, *In cese virtitur Annus.*

VVhen Creeping time with man-like years had fil'd  
Young *Jupiter*, whom *Saturn* would have Kil'd,  
And giv'n him VVit and Courage, such a store,  
As did forbid his silence any more.

VVherefore, when he had heard the full design,  
How his own Father sought to Murther him;  
Studying by all his Cunning to prevent  
That horrid Death which to himself was meant,  
From Heaven, by force, he made his Father fly  
To seek a Residence in *Italy*.

---



IUPITER.

# The Poetical History of Jupiter.

**S**aturn thus Vanquish'd, *Jupiter* his Son,  
 Berwixt himself and's Brethren shar'd his Throne.  
 Heav'n to himself he kept; the *VV*aters he  
 Commits to's Brother *Neptunes* Sov'raignie;  
 Whilst to his Brother (*Pluto's*) Lot it fell  
 To Rule the large Dominions of Hell.  
 Great *Jupiter* had scarcely warm'd his Throne,  
 But an Intestine Dangerous War begun  
 To Reel his Tide, for the angry Earth  
 Seeing her Sons, the *Titans* bruis'd to Death;  
 Brought forth strange Monsters of a Hideous hew,  
 Mighty in strength, and terrible to view:  
 Which horrid Army, she forthwith commands  
 To Randevouz in the *Thesalean* Strands,  
 Amidst the fair *Plegian* Fields; where she  
 Points them the likeliest way to Victorie.  
 Hills upon Hills, and Rocks on Rocks they throw;  
 Mountains and Trees, and all they found below  
 That great or bulky seem'd, thereby to Raise  
 A *Piramid*, whose head might reach the Skyes.  
 From whence they meant to brave the Gods, and then  
 To hurl their Emp'our to Earth agen.

Amongst the rest, who threatened Heaven thus;  
 Were stout *Aegon* and *Enceladus*,  
 With brave *Bryarius*, and more than these,  
 All born with full a hundred Hands a Piece;  
 Which in hard Service, every one did Joyn  
 Towards th' accomplishing the bold design.  
 The vast *Sicilian Typhon*, who could stand (Hand,  
 With's Feet on the Earth, and scratch the Sky with's  
 Whole outstretcht Arms, could all the world Controul,  
 And touch at once the North and Southern Pole:  
 Half Man, half Serpent too, he did appear,  
 (As did the most of all these Monsters there,)  
 A scorching Breath from out his Body came,  
 And Fiery Belches Flashing into Flame;  
 Guilded with so much horror, that the fright  
 Caused some young Gods to make a shameful flight;  
 Who dastardly to wealthy *Aegypt* ran  
 Assuming there some Leek or Onyan's Name:  
 Causing by so unworthy a Disguise,  
 The fond *Egyptians* to Idolatrise.  
 But still the Seidge bold *Jupiter* withstands,  
 Hurling great Thunderbolts from his dire hands,  
 Which thick as Hailstones, on the Gyants Lighted,  
 Who at so strange Artillery affrighted;  
 No longer durst the Heav'nly force engage,  
 But took their heels, and basely fled the Siedge.  
 Yet still his anger on these Monsters fell,  
 Which overtook them sending some to Hell;

Others

Others by hideous Death's to end he brought;  
 Loading their Graves with mighty *Aëna's* weight,  
 That they as endless Monuments might Lye,  
 And tell his Fame to long Eternity.  
 These Gyants thus destroy'd, that very year,  
 The Heavenly Thief *Prometheus* did appear,  
 VVho taking Earth and VVater, then began  
 To Form and shape the Hapless Creature Man;  
 VVhom he endow'd with an Immortal Soul  
 Of Heavenly fire, which he from thence had stole,  
 VVhen all the powerfull *Jupiter* engag'd,  
 Sends to his Uncle *Vulcan*, and engag'd  
 Him upon Honour, not to let this pass;  
 So that a mighty Chain provided was  
 To bind him to mount *Caucacus* for ever,  
 And deathless Vultures to Devour his Liver;  
 Which every Night encrease, that so the pain  
 By them next day might be renew'd again:  
 But valliant *Hercules* disturb'd to see  
 Him tortur'd thus for's Ingenuitie,  
 With pearless strength, plucks of the weighty Chain;  
 And freed him from Imprisonment and pain.  
 Whereat great *Jupiter* incens'd to see  
*Prometheus* so soon at Libertie,  
 VVhom he a sad and endless Hell design'd;  
 He recontracts the fury of his mind,  
 Doubles his Rage, and with a frowning Brow,  
 And fiery Eyes, begins to study how

*Prometheus*



*Prometheus* his pain he might so change,  
 As to Inflict on him a worse Revenge.  
 And therefore to the fair *Pandora* sent,  
 As the most likely fatal instrument,  
 To work the black resolves of his vext mind;  
 (Beauty corrupted, is to vice most kind.)  
 To her he calls, and hastily Commands,  
 To take into her fair and beauteous hands,  
 A fatal Box of Deadly Poysons, which  
 To *Epemetheus* as a Present Rich,  
 And sent from Gods, she must deliver to him,  
 VVho hoping some great rarity therein,  
 Hastily open'd it, at which there flew,  
 A Nest of Evils and diseases too;  
 VVho expeditiously themselves disperse,  
 And sadly tainted all the Universe.  
 Thus Fame and Triumph seemed every where,  
 To weight upon victorious *Jupiter*,  
 Who having crusht the Gyants, and subdu'd  
 Rebellious Mortals; softer ease persu'd.  
 VVarm Luxury began to make her Nest  
 In the Meridian of his Royal breast;  
 And Love and Lust, blow'd up such glowing fires;  
 As prompted him to ease --- those lew'd desires.  
 To virtue now he had but small regard,  
 VVhen Incest but a little Sin appear'd.  
 His Native Sister *Juno* he did VVed,  
 And forc'd her to his rude Incestious Bed.

Then



Then *Tros's* Son, young *Ganimedes*, he  
 Did force to an unknown Debaucherie.  
 The fair *Europa*, she from whose bright fame,  
 The best part of the World has ta'ne its Name,  
 VVas the next victim to his raging Lust,  
 By reason of whose virtue, he was forc'd  
 To change his Godlike, for a Beastlike shape,  
 VVherein by force he did that wicked Rape.  
 The next was *Dena* in her brasen Tower,  
 VVherein he got and rain'd a golden show'r;  
 VVhich lighted on such animated Earth,  
 As gave renowned *Perseus* happy birth.  
 Thus *Jupiter* before his last retreat,  
 VVas grown to men as infamous as great,

---



MARS;



## *The Poetical History of Mars.*

**A** Long adeiw to all the Sweets of Ease,  
 To all the pleasing softs of downy Peace;  
 To all my silent sighs and lonely grief,  
 VVhich to my Labouring mind have brought Relief;  
 VVhen all my startled friends, my help did fly,  
 Fearing th' infection of my misery;  
 And every frowning storm, Heav'n Combin'd,  
 To storm the requiems of my happy mind.  
 Farewel each silent spring, and shady grove;  
 Ye kind repeaters of my slighted Love;  
 How oft have you a temperate Solstice made  
 For my reception, sweetly stain'd with shade;  
 VVhere 'neath the umbrage of some willow, I  
 Melted to Tears, and breath'd into a sigh:  
 To beautilous *Sylvia* for a Smile did sue,  
 VVhen your kind Eccho nimbly answers, (doe)  
 But she, ah cruel she! with scornful Eye  
 And frowning Brow, commanded me to Dye;  
 Farewel my Study, where I us'd to find,  
 Jems to enrich my soon exhausted mind,  
 VVhich without th' assistance of that wealthy ore,  
 VVould soon turn Bankrupt, and indite no more.

*Glucos*

Glutted with pleasure, often have I read,  
 Those sweet communications of the Dead;  
 With such delight, and Rapsody of Mind,  
 With thoughts so settled, and a Soul sublim'd,  
 That grief nor Care, withal their subtlest Art,  
 Could find no Room nor Lodging in my heart.  
 Contentment Reign'd, and during its short stay,  
 Lockt up the Door, and kept it self the Key.  
 The Lib'ral Sciences, like various Dishes  
 Besieg'd me round, and pleas'd my highest wishes.  
 Sometimes I did my hungry Stomach try,  
 With the first course of sound Phylosophy:  
 The strong 'st and solid 'st Viends to sustain  
 The light *Mercurial* Junkets of the Brain.  
 Sometimes my thoughts were much sublimer giv'n,  
 And strove to trace the Morions of the Heav'n;  
 Where I beheld each Planet in Seat  
 Regent, was King, and Carved human fate.  
 Then with a curious, but declined Eye,  
 I read the small *Ænigma's* of the Sky.  
 Sometimes to look, my Fancy did incline,  
 In the dark backward, and abiss of time;  
 Where it solac'd me infin'tely to learn,  
 The Humour of the world e're I was born.  
 But then I must confess, I griev'd to know  
 How wise men then were, and how foolish now.  
 Then like a Laden Bee, I'de homeward flie,  
 To my own Native Study, Poësie:

And wind up all in Measure and in Form;  
 Which I from other Sciences did Learn.  
 This was the business of my Ease, but now  
 Such downy thoughts, alas, I must forego;  
 And nought but those of fighting, noys of Drum;  
 And clashing Swords, must in my Phantasie come;  
 The Trumpets Clangor, and the warlike fife,  
 The desperate Souldier, prodigal of Life,  
 Conjoynd Battles, which incorporate seem,  
 Chorus with dismal groans of dying Men,  
 Are thoughts most fit for him, who dares to be  
 So bould, brave *Mars*, as write thy Historie.  
 Thou Son of *Jupiter*, and *Juno's* bed,  
 Who in the warlike *Northern* Climes wast bred;  
 Taught by wild Furious Lyons, how to Dare,  
 And how to suffer, by the Rugged Bear.  
 On whom a *Northern* blast no more Prevails,  
 That does on us warm *Zypherus* gentle Gales.  
 About the world thou undisturb'd wouldst go,  
 When all the Earth was mantled up in Snow;  
 And Fiercest Tygars from their Dens didst Chace;  
 VVho to thy hotter Fury soon gave place,  
 Leaving thee their, warm Coverts for to be,  
 A *Magazin* to hold thy Arms and thee.  
 This thy prodigious Valour, when 'twas hurld,  
 B'officious fame, to this our Southern world;  
 Made Jealous *Jupiter* a fraid to see,  
 This threatening stem of his own Progenie,



Born on triumphant Charriot, thou didst Ride;  
 With frightful Sprights, attending at thy side:  
 Clamour, Contention, and thin Meagre fear,  
 Drest in their proper garbs, thy Servants were:  
 Terror and apprehension too, with long  
 And grisly locks, went stalking in the throng  
 Before the loud tongu'd fame in gaudy Cloaths,  
 (Stuck full of Eyes, as Orengees with Cloves.)  
 In Antick garb, as Ancient Poets say,  
 Sar as Postilian all thy flower strow'd way.  
 In this Heroick posture didst thou come,  
 Displaying Colours, striding on a Drum,  
 Halbeart in hand, and trunchion on thy hip,  
 With Fair *Bellona*, flourishing her whip.  
 When Limping *Vulcanus* light new-Married Dame,  
 Came to intrap thee with her wanton Flame.  
 And now ye Sons of *War*, some of ye do,  
 Tell me what all your mighty strength can do?  
 You who have watcht a Siedge both day and night,  
 Till your Numb'd Limbs have Frozen where you sit;  
 You who can Laugh, when th' *Ominous* Canon bauls,  
 And crouds of Souldiers to *Elizium* calls.  
 You, in whose countenance no change appears,  
 Though whistling *Bullets* fly about your Ears.  
 Or you, who from a *Rampter* dare to expose  
 Your Selves and Friends, amongst your deadly Foes;  
 Tell me how meanly should you these things prize,  
 Who have no Armour 'gainst a womans Eyes.

Behold



Behold and see your all-commanding *Mars*;  
 The mighty Stickler in the Roman *VVars* :  
 He who did all their Enemies Resist,  
 And dealt out Crowns to whom, and where he list,  
 VVhen he beholds fair *Venus* on his Knee,  
 Poorly Intreating his Captivitie :  
 Changing the Title due to Martial Cares;  
 For a Common Souldier in Venerial *VVars*;  
 The comming Goddess presently was won,  
 And freely grants an assignation;  
 VVhich prively, without the least regard  
 Of those two Cumbitants, was over heard  
 By Yellow *Vulcan*, who a Net prepar'd,  
 VVherein the Naked Lovers were insnar'd.  
 Just in the time of Action, all the Gods  
 At News hereof came from their bright Aboads;  
 To see 'em both in Loves Imbraces Ly,  
 Expos'd to view, and bar'd from Liberty; (Doddin;  
 Some Laught, some Blusht, some gave him heavy  
 But others Smil'd, and wisht 'um in his Room.

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APOLLO.



## The Poetical History of Apollo.

**L**uxurious *Jupiter* at length b'ing Cloy'd,  
 With th' nauceous pleasures of a Marriage Bed  
 His wanton Eyes on fair *Latona* plac'd,  
 (A ruddy Nymph with wondrous Beauty grac'd.)  
 Her he affected, and with pain he strove,  
 To let her know the greatness of his Love.  
 The Pretty Nymph, as other Maidens do,  
 At first reply'd the usual answer ---- No.  
 But when the God-like Lover prest her home,  
 Like fall ripe Fruit, she gently tumbel'd Down;  
 And with enclōsed Eyes, that blis enjoy'd,  
 Which 'gainst her Conscience she so long deny'd;  
 But their Imbraces could not be so close,  
 But Jealous *Juno* heard the Echoing Noys,  
 Which through the Mouth of Prating Gods was sent  
 So Loud, it sounded through the Continent.  
 By grand experience Marry'd Folks may Ghesse,  
 How *Juno* brook't her Rivals happiness.  
 When she was told, her Husband did confesse  
 On Fair *Latona*, what was due to her.  
 Great Gods! Methinks I hear her tear and Fling;  
 And Swear so loud, she makes the Heaven's Ring;

Upbraided *Jupiter* with th' horrid Sin;  
 And threatning she will do as much for him;  
 Then on a sudden, into silence change,  
 With bended Brows contriving this revenge:  
 The Serpent *Python* which in former time,  
 Sprang from the fam'd *Deucaleans* Muddy slime:  
 Him she engaged by her strict command,  
 To drive *Latona* from that fertil Land,  
 And Brib'd the Earth, to let her have no room  
 In all the world, but *Delos* for her home;  
*Delos* which might as well have serv'd her for a Tomb.  
 Had not kind *Neptune* for *Latona's* sake,  
 Both fixt and rais'd it 'bove the brinish Lake  
 VWherein it sunk. There as she walkt a while,  
 Admiring at th' uninhabited Isle,  
 She chanc'd to find a spreading Palmtree Leaf,  
 (The sheet which caught the burden of her Grief,)  
 VWhereon her body was no sooner layd,  
 But out alas! In vain for help she cry'd;  
 No friendly Mid-wife to her Groans was near,  
 There was no Husband, nor kind Neighbours there;  
 Nor none to pittie with a wishing Tear.  
 But by and by a recompence appear'd  
 For all her pains, when two fair Twins she heard.  
 VVith Infant shrieks, endeav'ring to bemoane,  
 Those throws and Pangs which she had undergone;  
 These were *Diana* and *Apollo*. He  
 Soon as Arriv'd at full Maturitie,

Remem

Remembring *Pythons* Rudeness to his Mother;  
 No longer could his Noble Vengeance Smother;  
 With Bow and Quiver to that Wood he hy'd,  
 Where Monstrous *Typhon* Custom'd to reside;  
 Who made a strong resistance but in vain,  
 For all the Gods the Quarrel did maintain.  
 And Heaven it self with an unus'd delight,  
 Eccho'd, go *Paan* all the time of Fight.  
 Hartning *Apollo*, who to let him know  
 The strength and sureness of his well bent Bow,  
 From out his Quiver took that fatal Dart,  
 Which forc'd its Lodging in the Monsters heart.  
 Thus fell great *Typhon*, and this VVar b'ing done,  
*Apollo* Marry'd, and begot a Son,  
 Named him *Esculapius*, whom he  
 Committed to the *Centaurs* Costodie.  
 I'th helpful Art of Physick to be train'd;  
 Where in such strange Proficiency he gain'd;  
 That both by all at home, and those abroad,  
 That were Physitians, he was thought a God.  
 Him *Jove* with Thunderbolts destroy'd, because  
 He from the Dead, *Hypolitus* did raise;  
 Whom by his Charriot horses *Jove* had will'd,  
 First to be drag'd about, and after Kil'd,  
 Enrag'd *Apollo* on the Cyclops flew,  
 Whom cause they made those Thunderbolts, he flew.  
 Leaving great *Jupiter* at Forge, no hands  
 To work him bolts, to serve his dire commands.

The mighty Grandfather enrag'd to see  
 His Servants thus destroy'd, resolv'd to be  
 Reveng'd, for the affront his Son had giv'n,  
 Whom for a time he Banish'd out of Heav'n;  
 Forc'd him seek a Living 'mongst the Rocks,  
 And afterward to feed *Admeta's* Flocks;  
 In which imploy, so bravely he behav'd  
 Himself, that all the Neighbouring Shepherds crav'd  
 His Pleasing friendship. Graceful was his Men,  
 Softer then Down his words, his thoughts sublime,  
 Which in Extemp'ry Eclogues came so free,  
 Gods might have Patroniz'd his Poetrie;  
 And barren strands before their Heav'n Esteem,  
 So that they might have been but prais'd by him.  
 The Rustick Shepherds who did rudely roar,  
 By him reclaim'd were, and would baul no more;  
 But practising his sweet Authentick Notes,  
 Unprison'd Musick from their Warbling Throats.  
 To ev'ry Ode, he set a Tune a part,  
 On purpose to betray some Virgins heart;  
 Who as she trickt up to have caught his come,  
 Without her own was forc'd 't go sighing home.  
 So much respect the Nymphs and Shepherds ow'd,  
 That as a God, to him they Kneel'd and Bow'd;  
 To him they sung, and did each other prize,  
 According as their Notes came nearest his:  
 But yet for all *Apollo's* Wisdom, he  
 Could find no fence 'gainst Loves Artillerie;



The Charming Beauties of fair *Daphne's* eyes,  
 For all his Godhead did his heart surprize :  
 Her looks at once so modest and so fair,  
 As if she bid him hope, and then despair.  
 This Nymph *Apollo* courted --- but in Vain;  
 A Vicious thought she would not entertain :  
 But with severe corrections did remove,  
 The urgent Motions of his lustful Love;  
 At whose neglect disdain'd *Apollo* Mourn'd,  
 And to a Lawrel the fair Maid transform'd :  
 Which done, his time b'ing out, which he should stay  
 On Earth, to Heav'n he made his hasty way :  
 From whence each day he doth those beams disperse;  
 Which guild the surface of our Universe.

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NEPTUNE

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## The Poetical History of Neptune.

**W**Hen from the sumit of some towring Rock,  
 Down to those surges which thou mak'st, I look.  
 Behold th' enraged Ocean fret and foam,  
 And hear her Roar at thy too cruel doom.  
 See waves encounter waves at such a rate,  
 I fear'd their Blows would reach me as I fate.  
 Then casting down my discontented Eye,  
 The very intrels of deep *Hell* I spy,  
 From whose dark Bottom by and by arise,  
 Such Clouds of waves as threatn'd all the Skys.  
 And Roofs of Floods in true gradations sent,  
 To fall a Deluge on the Continent.  
 Ah Mighty *Neptune* (to my self said I)  
 How 'unfit am I to write thy History.  
 When thou so lowdly thy own fame dost raise,  
 The humble Poets Drowned in the Noyse.  
 Yet, though to write thy prays I will not try,  
 I'll give the world thy Geonalogy.  
 To the Immortal Seed of *Saturn*, thou,  
 Thy Watry Kingdom, and thy Life dost owe,  
 For when thy Father with Paternal care  
 Distributed the Earth, the Sea, and Air,

Amongst

Amongst his Sons, it was his great design;  
 That all the watry Empire should be thine;  
 He put a Trydent in thy Princely hand,  
 To shew instead of Scepter, thy command;  
 And for a Chariot, a vast Shell he gave,  
 Pluckt off the Liquid back of some rude wave;  
 Thy Coach-Horses, Sea Monsters were, and Whales,  
 Which drew thee gently as soft Western Gales;  
 When they come Sliding o're a Calmy Sea,  
 And leave no frowns nor wrinckles in their way.  
 Thy VVife *Amphytrite* (whose spreading breadth,  
 Gave her that name because she loves the Earth.)  
 With watry Armes which she does round disperse,  
 And bravely searches all the Universe.  
 Her thou didst Love, and to thy bed prefer,  
 (The which thou ow'st a friendly Dolphin for,  
 VVho on his back did kindly save her Life,  
 And gave her to thee for a Virtuous VVife.  
 VVhich Dolphin after to the Skies was born,  
 And turn'd into a Star near *Capricorn*.  
 After this the rumour of thy Name abroad  
 Did fly, and thou wert thought a mighty God  
 By wretched heathens, who amazed stood,  
 To see how still thou bind'st the Rav'nous Flood;  
 VVhich when by winds into contention born,  
 Thou check'st, and mad'st it sorry for the Storm;  
 Nor this alone did'st thou, but much beside,  
 Thou taught'st succeeding Mankind how to Ride;  
 Striking

Striking the Teeming Earth with such a force;  
 That at thy pleasure out there Leapt a horse,  
 VVhich thou couldst Check and Curb, command with  
 And make obedient as the calmy Seas. (Ease,  
 This thou didst do, and from the Earth didst bring,  
 A stately Steed at *Athens* Christening:  
 es, VVhen great *Minerva* and thy self did strive,  
 VVho should that Famous *Citrys* Title give;  
 Then thou wer't mighty *Neptune*; but alas,  
 Thy growing fame sustain'd a sad decrease;  
 VVhen thou, too proud of thy vast pow'r, didst raise  
 A hear'd of lean *Sectarians*, to blaze  
 Abroad the vices of great *Jupiter*,  
 To whose great pow'r thou didst thy own prefer;  
 But found'st thy self deceiv'd, when after driv'n,  
 By his Victorious Army out of Heav'n,  
 And forc'd on Earth a wandring Life to live,  
 Amongst the barren woods, where thou didst strive,  
 VVith anxious labour and with sweaty brow,  
 For lives necessities (as we do now)  
 At length no longer able to Endure,  
 The faint subsistence there thou didst procure;  
 To *Lemadon* thou took'st thy hasty way,  
 In hopes to help him build renowned *Troy*;  
 But he responding thy desire with scorn,  
 To lonely woods again thou didst return,  
 And there in after times begat'st a Race  
 Of Monstrous *Trytons*, only Men I th Face;



But from the Girdle downward, to the Toe;  
 Were perfect Dolphins, these were wont to go  
 With certain shells, which made a pleasant sound  
 Before him, as he walkt the Wood a round.  
 But in succeeding time, when Infant *Rome*,  
 Had heard that *Neptune* to their world was come;  
 And well considering all their Care and Cost  
 To Build that City, threatned to be lost,  
 For want of that fair Sex which Chiefly be,  
 The Ground or basis of Posteritie.  
 They went to *Neptune*, and to him complain'd  
 Of that strange Famine they had long sustain'd ;  
 Told him their case, how they were like to be  
 For want of *Heirs*, forgot to Memorie.  
 To let 'em know he once had been a God,  
*Neptune* return'd their homage with a Nod ;  
 And when within himself had pass'd a while,  
 Return them this as sacred Oracle.  
 To the *Sabinian* Plains, your Roman games  
 Will easily entice the *Sabine* Dames,  
 Who with their Daughters Joyfully will come,  
 To see brave Actions by the *Romans* done.  
 Then in the midst or Centre of your Mirth,  
 When you have seen a row of young ones forth,  
 See that each *Roman* on the *Sabines* Runs,  
 Sease them for *VVives*, and so beget ye Sons.  
 After from's billows *London Neptune* spide,  
 Brought proudly thither by a high Spring-tide.

As through a floating VVood he stear'd along;  
 And Dancing Castles cluster'd in a throng.  
 VVhen he beheld a mighty bridg give Law  
 Unto his surges, and their fury Aw.  
 VVhen such a shelf of Cataracts did roar,  
 As if the Thames with Nice had chang'd her Shoar.  
 VVhen he such Massy walls, with Tow'rs did Eye,  
 Such Posts, such Irons, on his back to lye.  
 VVhen the *Carulian* God these things survey'd,  
 He shook his Trydent, and Astonisht said,  
 Let the whole Earth now all her wonders Count;  
 This Bridg of wonders is the Paramount.

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MERCURIE

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## The Poetical History of Mercury.

**O**ft has my pondering Muse with labouring thought  
 Urg'd me to write, when to my view was brought  
 The Drifts and Errors of mistaken men,  
 VVho to the common Herd would *Cato's* seem;  
 But to the learn'd and wise are nothing less,  
 Then Retrograders from true happiness.  
 Oft in an uncooth Grove, from clamour free,  
 None but my Muse to bare me Companie,  
 I've worn out Ev'nings as I sighing sat,  
 Thinking on all the various hits of Fate:  
 Revolving in my mind with no small grief,  
 The irksome fooleries of humane life.  
 Ah! give me Pen, said I, for now I'm forc'd  
 To write, or else my labouring Soul will burst:  
 These thoughts the conclave of my mind so fill,  
 That nothing can unlade it but my Quill:  
 In such a Rapture, and in such a strain,  
 Great *Mercurie* let me thy Fame proclaim,

Thou most renowned God, as well for birth;  
 As Ingennitie; whose sacred worth,  
 And great esteem, the other-Gods declare,  
 By those great Offices which they confer  
 On the great *Atlas* Grand-Child, when vast bones,  
 Cover'd with Moss, and crusted o're with stones.  
 Up to a mighty bulk do shouldering rise,  
 And bare the ponderous burden of the Skys.  
 He with one only Daughter being blest,  
*Maia* by name, who as she took her Rest,  
 Slumbring on top of Mount *Cylene's* hill,  
 Perceiv'd her Royal VVomb begin to fill.  
 Her body Barnish, so that out of hand,  
 VVith thy great birth she blest th' *Arcadean* Land.  
 The Morning of thy Life in silence wasted,  
 Thy forward genius to Discretion hasted;  
 VVhich the discerning Heav'ns did so prefer,  
 They all proclaim'd thee their Embassador.  
 VVings to thy tender hands and heels they tyd,  
 That thou at their commands might'st swiftly glide  
 Through Liquid Floods, or cut the softer Air,  
 And in a trice to Heav'n again Repair,



Leaving no sign or Trach behind the seen;  
 How thou had'st gon, or whither thou hadst been.  
 A pair of Serpents which did peace portend,  
 Twisting about a Rod held in thy hand;  
 By their so mild imbraces did proclaim,  
 That unity which thou wouldst fain maintain.  
 Nor dost thou only Sea and Air infest,  
 But mak'st thy way to every humane brest;  
 Which thou imploy'st in chalking out new draughts  
 Of fresh *Idea's*, and of unborn thoughts,  
 Which by thy inquisition there dost find,  
 Lodg'd in some duskish corner of the mind.  
 These thou inform, and Method put'st together,  
 Till well conceiv'd, thou mak'st the Tongue deliver.  
 But when th' immortal Soul of Man grows weary,  
 And in the body will no longer tarry,  
 It was thy Office (*Mercury!*) to come  
 And hand her kindly to *Elyzium*.  
 Where when the Soul in Melancholy Groves,  
 (The dark retriments of deceased Loves)  
 Had wearied out a year or two in plaint  
 Of its obscurity, and close restraint,

D

Thou

Thou like a mighty all-commanding God,  
 By vertue of thy never failing Rod,  
 VVouldst beckon from that *Hypocondriack* Bliss;  
 And force 'em to a *Metempsychosis*.  
 The jolly Deities in former time,  
 Rais'd by the Spirits of *Ambrosian* Wine;  
 And sprightly *Necker* at a Feast brought forth;  
 Or else to celebrate some Goddess's birth;  
 With which, in rousing boulds, they wou'd Confound  
 Their senses, till they thought the Heav'ns turn'd round  
 Then like some Bloated *Bully*, who hath sat  
 Till *Bacchus* gets possession of his Pate :  
 And Landlord like, with an Ejective Writ,  
 Turns out the little Rubbish of his VVit;  
 Placing such fumes instead, as naught dispencc,  
 But those curst Plagues desire and Impotence.  
 Frought with them both, he tumbles up and down,  
 Swears he will Hector all the trembling Town;  
 Spare neither Man nor VVoman he can catch,  
 Nor leave his VVench for Cunstable nor VWatch.  
 But if they oppose such Airy freaks as these,  
 Posselt the brains of wandring Deities.

VVhen warm'd with VVine from Heav'n they us'd to  
 To Cool themselves in some *Terenian* Grove. (Rove  
 Blest by the happy Furniture of Beautious Maids,  
 VVho with loud Shrieks invoke their Shepherds Aids;  
 But all in vain, each *God* his Love will Feast  
 In his own shape, or for that Love turn beast.  
 Or *Bird*, or *Tree*, or golden show'r,  
 Or any thing to reap the Virgins Flow'r.  
 Once when the wanton *Gods* had revel'd thus,  
 They needs would go to visit *Tantalus*  
 The Son of *Jupiter*, whose empty board  
 A well becoming Feast could not afford  
 For such unusual Strangers, wherefore he,  
 Urg'd thereto by meer necessitie,  
 VVith hands inhumane, caus'd his Son to bleed,  
 Whose Limbs b'ing neatly Hasht and Fygazeed;  
 In mighty Dishes to the board were brought  
 By him, who kindly all the *Gods* besought  
 T'accept that little Treat, which humbly shew'd  
 In part, the sign of his Large gratitude.  
 Th' enraged Deities affronted all,  
 To see an Act so Dam'd unnatural,

First lay'd their heads together, to invent  
 For *Tantolus* besiting Punishment;  
 And then intreated *Mercury* to go  
 Down to the dwellings of the Dead below.  
 The Soul of Murder'd *Pelops* to Redeem;  
 And instantly to bring him back to them.  
 Which Mighty *Mercury* alone could do,  
 Who adventrously among the Damned flew;  
 And by his power, regain'd that Soul from Hell,  
 Which otherwise had been impossible.  
 Thus, or through Heav'n or Hell, where e're he went  
 This mighty God was still Omnipotent.

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went

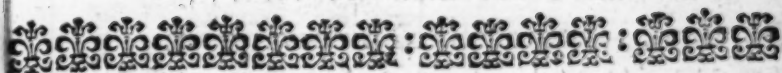


7






DIANA



## *The Poetical History of Diana.*

**T**He Chast *Diana* as before was sed,  
 Was the Fair Issue of *Latona's* Bed.  
 When *Jupiter* enrag'd at's scolding wife,  
 Left her to lead a rambling Bully's Life.  
 Meeting bechance this fair complying Mai'd,  
 VVhom easily he to his Bed betray'd.  
 VVith Heav'nly Seed he fil'd her until'd VVomb;  
 From which in 10 Moneths time *Diana* sprung.  
 The Glittering *Morning* of whose Age was spent  
 In rural Sports; whereby a calm content  
 Which she enjoy'd in that serene retreat,  
 She might have guest the tortures of the Great.  
 But after she to Riper Years was grown,  
 And fil'd the world with her deserv'd renown.  
 VVhich kindly added to her infant Name,  
 A trine of Titles to Enhance her Fame.

*Luna* thy cal'd her as belong'd to Heav'n,  
 But hear on Earth another Name was giv'n.  
 [Fair *Cynthia*] who amongst the woods did dwell,  
 And *Proserpina* when she went to Hell.  
 Calm was the *Seria's* of her happy Life,  
 VVhilst freed from greatness, void of Care and Strife  
 And fell ambition; 'bout the Groves she walkt,  
 And oft of *Heav'n*, and oft of *Love* she talkt.  
 To a fair Train of 60. Virgins she,  
 Had to attend her in that privacie;  
 VVho every one officiously did wait  
 On her soft words, as th' Oracle of fate.  
 With Bow in hand, and Quiver by her side,  
 She walkt Commandress of that Beautilous Tribe,  
 Beating each Thicket as they March'd to find,  
 A game proportion'd to her Noble Mind.  
 Sometimes a Royal Stag they gently Rouse,  
 As he was browsing in his shady house;  
 VVho unacquainted with such beauteous Foes,  
 Stretches and looks about him as he goes; (Eye  
 At length being Charm'd --- Stands gazing at h  
 VVhilst by her Treacherous Dart he falls and Dyes. S

A silly Pheasant next (perhaps) they Pearch  
 On an adjacent Tree within their Reach ;  
 Who from his secure bough does leering spy,  
 Unusual Glories in *Dyana's* Eye ;  
 Gazing with such intentness as did seem,  
 He aim'd at her direct as she at him ;  
 Till by an Arrow from her Fatal Sheath,  
 She sends him tidings of untimely Death.  
 Who not unkindly does the Message greet,  
 But trembling falls obedient at her feet.  
 The Timorous Hare at Melancholy Quat,  
 From her fair hands receiv'd unhappy Fate.  
 And Passant Birds so suddenly do dye  
 By her swift shaft, t'would puzzle one to spy  
 Whether her Arrow kil'd them, or her Eye.  
 In fine, she was the only Goddess of the VWood,  
 VWho Hunting, Hawking, Shooting understood :  
 But yet so modest, careful, and so Shy,  
 To keep unblemisht her Virginity.  
 That bold *Aëon*, as he gazing stood,   
 To see her *Bathing* in a Neighbouring Flood ;  
 VWhilst lib'rally without reserve or fear,  
 She openly expos'd her *Beauties* there

So long, till casting up her Curious Eye,  
 Upon a Neighbouring bank, she might Espy  
 The Rash beholder of her Stoln recess,  
 VVho for that rude intrusion of his,  
 She chang'd into a Stags Similitude,  
 VVhom his mistaken Dogs with hast Persu'd.  
 Through bushes, brambles, over hills and downs,  
 Through watry Thickets, & Damp Marshy Grounds  
 Deaf to his Noys, though Name by Name he calls,  
 Each heedless Hound who minds not what he bauls;  
 But eagerly their wearyed game persue,  
 On whom o'retane, so furiously they flew  
 VVith open Mouth, tearing him Limb from Limb,  
 That there the sad spectator might have seen,  
 By a Revenge so cruel and so Strickt,  
 VVhich she on poor *Adæon* did Inflict,  
 That nothing was so pretious or so dear,  
 As an unspoted Modesty to her.  
 Admireing *Ephesus* had hardly heard  
 The rumour of her Fame, but up they rear'd  
 A Stately Temple, where with Rev'rence she  
 VVas to be worshipt as their Deitie.



No Beardless Priests, her Grandure cou'd suffice,  
 But Antient, Grave, Religious, and Wise ;  
 Such whose deportments and aspects might be  
 A grace to Burnish her Divinitie.

Nor common Sacrifice would serve the turn,  
 But humane Flesh must on her Alters burn.

I fear *Precarious Scythians* meant to have  
 The mighty Boons which they were us'd to crave.

A helpless Greek fal'n on the *Scythian* shore,  
 Cut into Quarters, Pickel'd in his Gore.

The humble *Tauris* must surely bring,  
 If they would please her with an offering.

Of which a fam'd Historian has writ,  
 A pleasant story full of *Blood* and wit.

When wild *Orestes* had his Mother kild,  
 The Act his Conscience with such horror fil'd,  
 That he grew restless, and despair'd to find  
 Means to assuage the terror of his mind :

But b'ing adviz'd by own who lov'd him well,  
 To go ask Council of the Oracle.

It straight commanded, he should *Greece* forsake,  
 And *Scythia Taurica* with speed attacque ;

Where

Where near the Shore, in an adjacent Wood,  
 The Famous Temple of *Diana* stood;  
 In it her Statue, which if he by slight,  
 Whilst all lay slumbring in the Armes of Night,  
 Could but convey unto the *Grecian-shore*,  
 His *Lunacie* should trouble him no more.  
*Orestes* Ships, and reacht the *Scythian* Land;  
 Where he had scarcely quit him of the Sand;  
 But he was Seas'd on by a Crew of Spyes,  
 And brought to *Taurica* for Sacrifice:  
 And that same Night before he was to dye,  
 Put into *Ephigenias* Custody.  
 The Priests of *Diana*, whose loose Eye,  
 Beholding bound *Orestes* Majesty.  
 The true proportion of each brawny Limb,  
 His spreading Shoulders and Majestick Meen--  
 She him within her self began to prize,  
 Fitter for Loves, than *D'ana's* Sacrifice;  
 Which soon as the accute *Orestes* knew,  
 He got both Mayden-head and Statue too.



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VENUS

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## *The Poetical History of Venus.*

**W**Hen impious *Saturn* harbour'd in his Breast  
 A Jealofie of being disposselt  
 Of th' long'd for Glory of his Fathers Crown,  
 By the Intrusion of another Son.  
 VVith Graceless Syth he to his Father ran,  
 And rob'd him of that part which term'd him Man.  
 VVhich when dissected from his body, he  
 Carelessly flung into the Foaming Sea.  
 This *Neptune* viewing, with indulgent Eyes,  
 Strove to preserve the sacred Privacies.  
 VVhich first he Mantled in a bed of Foam,  
 VVhere agitating VVaves were us'd to come;  
 And by their Active Motion heat beget,  
 These when with drops of Viril blood they met,  
 Comixt and Curdl'd, then congeal'd to form,  
 And afterwards enliven'd by a Storm;  
 VVhich from it's Nest the Beautious substance tore  
 And left an Amorous *Venus* on the Shore,  
 VVhose



VVhose pearles Charms did neighbouring Shepherds  
 VVith Flow'rs to Crown her Deitie of Love; (move  
 To whom each Evening every Nymph resorts,  
 As the sole Goddes of their wanton Sports.  
 And if at any time, she chanc'd to be  
 Too Lavish in her Shepherds Companie,  
 Offer'd in sacrifice a Letcherous Dove,  
 Serv'd to attone the rudeness of her Love.  
 Drawn by Lacivious Birds, in Chariot she  
 Tryumphant Rod through famous *Chythere* ;  
 And stately *Amathus*, which she inclin'd  
 To wanton Sports and Levity of mind,  
 Both *Paphos* and the *Cyprian* Islands rung,  
 VVith lowd Encomiums to Fair *Venus* Sung ;  
 VVhose boundless beauties often did surprize  
 The Guardless Souls of Curious Deities.  
 VVho as they prying came her *Beams* to spy,  
 Their hearts were intercepted by her Eye.  
 But as to other Gods, whose wiser Care,  
 Did court her Smiles, she was not so severe:  
 For when plump *Bacchus* was to *India* sent,  
 In his Return from that rich Continent.

*Venus* hot Love could brook no longer stay,  
 But up she got and met him half the way ;  
 Compos'd a Garland of the *Cyprian* Rose,  
 VVherewith she kindly Crown'd his strutting *Brows* ;  
 Kist her Plump Cheeks, and with soft sighs did move  
 The Jolly *God*, by wanton signs, to Love ----  
 He who no dull ingratitude did know,  
 ( As in this kind few *Bacchanalians* do )  
 In just requital of so kind a deed,  
 Impregnated her Womb with Heav'nly Seed ;  
 VVhich jealous *Juno* then in heat of Youth,  
 Thinking all lost that fell besides her Mouth,  
*Bewitch'd*, before it any shape did know,  
 VVhilst it was Curdling into *Embrio* ;  
 That with contempt she might the Parents scorn,  
 VVhen the ill shap'd *Pryapus* was Born ;  
 VVhose crooked form put *Venus* in a fright,  
 VVho banisht him for ever from her sight.  
 Scarce was she from this ponderous burden freed,  
 But with another *God* she had agreed.  
 Who by her Caprivating beams was led,  
 To seek the Pleasures of her happy bed.

The wanton *Intrigue* did so well succeed,  
 That from their close imbraces did proceed  
 Young *Hymeneus*, who did after prove  
 The only God of *Conjugated Love*.  
 The graces were her Daughters too, whom she  
 Always enjoyn'd to keep her Companie :  
 And Hood-winckt *Cupid*, who could never see,  
 The dire affects of his Artillerie.  
 That little Boy with wings upon his back,  
 And Quiver by his side, which ne're did lack,  
 Show'rs of burning Arrows to enflame,  
 VVith rageing Love, the hearts wherein they came.  
 This wanton Youth by Poets too is fed,  
 To be oblig'd for Life to *Venus's* bed :  
 And bold *Aeneas* he, whose pious Care,  
 Through *Trojon* flames did old *Anchyses* bear  
 Upon his back, whilst in his Face were sent,  
 Affrontive flashes every step he went.  
 He of whose Virtue Lofty *Virgil* Sung  
 So Low'd, that all the VVorld has Rung  
 VVith the Inchanting Noyse of his sweet Fame,  
 VVhich into every petty Island came ;

And ne're will be extinguisht, till the VWorld,  
Into its first obscurity be hurl'd.

He who in all this fame and splendour Liv'd, ]  
Owns from fair *Venus* bed to be deriv'd.

Thus loosely *Venus* Liv'd, Ranging abroad,  
Free to th'imbraces of each willing God ;  
VWho in her Armes were frequently delighted,  
So oft that she at length by all was slighted  
Excepting *Vulcan*, who durst never be  
So impudent, to prove her Levitie.

This bashful homely God, had often sed,  
He could have wisht her in his sooty *Bed* ;  
And thither had invited her, but that  
His Limping Leg was it she mutter'd at  
Sooft to other Gods, that he despair'd  
Of having any light Petition heard.

VWherefore one ev'ning as from Hell he came,  
*Sweating*, and *Panting*, *Collowy* and *Lame* :

Thinking to cool him on the *Cyprian* shore,  
He saw bright *Venus*, whom he did implore.

(After had made from her a small retreat,  
To cleer his grymed Chops of foot and sweat, )

At once to save his Longing and his Life;  
 By a submission to become his Wife.  
 The crafty Beauty, conscious she had been  
 Too light to keep the other Gods Esteem.  
 Like a declining Harlot, strove to engage  
 A Fond admirer of her wrinkled Age,  
 Admitted silly *Vulcan* to her Bed,  
 Who seeking for a long lost Maiden-Head,  
 Was loaded so by other Gods with Scorns,  
 That all the Heav'ns Echo'd *Vulcans* Horns.

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PERSEUS



## *The Poetical History of Perseus.*

**W**Hen Men, from *Oracles*, the News did bring  
 To Fam'd *Acrisius*, *Argos* wealthy King;  
 That to a Child his Daughter should give breath,  
 Who afterward must cause her Fathers Death:  
 In hopes that rigorous Fortune to withstand,  
 Which Heav'n had threatn'd by a Grand-childs hand;  
 The Young Presaged Mother, (who as yet,  
 With Man in warm imbraces had not met,  
 Nor the delights of Lovers ever sought,  
 Unless by Proxy of a Dream or thought----)  
 Was by her Fathers harsh Commission sent  
 To a Tow'r of *Brass* for close imprisonment;  
 There from the sight of Man or Child confin'd,  
 To calm the Billows of his fearful mind.  
 Where, by the way, the Reader may behold,  
 How vainly man contest with *Heav'n's* do's hold!

E

What

What little pains it takes to undermine  
 The shallow projects of our deep'st Design!  
 What matters all our Plots and Cares, alas!  
 What signifies a Tow'r of Massy Brass?  
 Tho mighty *Alps* should to those Walls condence,  
 They'd seem but *Nets* to piercing *Providence*;  
 Which does through Pores, as swift as *Mashes* fly  
 Till it attains it's wisht Ubiquity.

Resembling Recreation we procure,  
 Pond'ring the Reasons of the Men secure,  
 Who sit in their contrivances so close,  
 As if no other Fate could interpose:  
 Whom oft we see by that same *Clue* th'ave spun,  
 Run tumbling head-long to the fate they'd shun!  
 Thus by his care, *Acrisius* did but fly  
 The nearer way, to meet his destiny;  
 Which like a Thief perhaps, had by him past,  
 But that it Judg'd the Booty by its hast.  
 For mighty *Jupiter*, whose tender Ear  
 Was always open to a Virgins Pray'r;  
 Could by his high Prerogative invade  
 The sad complaints which Fair *Danae* made.

He heard her Sigh, and saw her weep and vex,  
 To be deny'd the Freedom of her Sex.  
 He daily saw her mourn her dismal Fate,  
 And heard her wish---she knew not well for what;  
 But thought he could the right construction find,  
 And satisfy her discontented Mind;  
 Forcing his passage through the Brazen Tower,  
 In her warm Lap he reign'd a Golden Show'r;  
 Which ten Months after such rich Fruit did yield,  
 That *Perseus* sprouted from the Milky Field:  
 Whom with his Mother, grim *Acrisius* he  
 Lockt in a Chest, and threw into the Sea:  
 But wandring Fishermen the Chest retrieve,  
 Whilst yet both Child and Mother were alive;  
 In whose great looks the honest men discry,  
 Unusual signs of Sacred *Majesty*:  
 By which they held themselves oblig'd to bear  
 Them both to *Seriphus's* Island; where  
 Young *Polydectes* largely did engage  
 Them both, till Valiant *Perseus* came to age.  
 Who by brave Actions in his Youth, made known  
 That Glory which his riper Years did Crown.

His Fame too bulky for this lower world,  
 By Ecchoing Plaudits to the Gods was hurl'd,  
 VVho to divulge, they did his Deeds approve,  
 Sent him such presents as bespoke their Love.  
*Minerva*, cause she would his Valour grace,  
 Kindly oblig'd him with her Looking-glass.  
 And *Mercury*, his liking to declare,  
 Gave him both plumed Wings and Semiter;  
 VVherewith so many Battles he obtain'd,  
 That from his Conquests *Persia* so was nam'd.  
 His Sinuy Arm the *Nereids* did command,  
*Andromeda* was Frenchiz'd by his hand.  
 VVhen strange *Sea-Monsters* were design'd to Eat  
 The harmless Daughter for the Mothers sake,  
 The horrible *Medusa's* crawling Head,  
 VVhere twisting Serpents every moment bred,  
 VVhich who so lookt on, into Stones were shrunk,  
 His hand dissected from the hideous Trunk,  
 VVhose Reeking Blood ingendring with the Earth,  
 Gave winged *Pegasus* a happy Birth.  
 That mighty Beast, which with one lucky stroke  
 The hidden fount of *Hypocrene* broke;

And after that Immortal honour won,  
 In his assisting young *Bellerophon*  
 Against *Chimera*; having done those VVars,  
 He Mounts the Skies, and lodg'd amongst the Stars.

Nor was brave *Perseus* only Fam'd in VVar,  
 The Sciences his private hours did share;  
 Those who were Learn'd, he held in near Esteem,  
 And came not but with open hand to them.  
 He knew in populous Kingdoms Letters are  
 As requisit as Instruments of VVar;  
 And that those VVars success does often Crown,  
 VVhich first are well debated by the Gown.  
 VVhen Conquest to a Nation Peace does give,  
 'Tis Learning tells the People how to live:  
 VVarns them that Valour which their Foe withstood,  
 Not to Experience in Domestick Blood;  
 But to their callings each Mans Arms resign  
 As quietly, as no such thing had been.

These and more noble Notions did procure  
*Perseus* so much to favour Literature,  
 That on that celebrated mountains Brow,  
 To which the proudest Poets-rev'rence owe.



[Immortal *Helicon*] *Perseus* Erected

A famous School, where Youth was well instructed

In all that Learning which the Gen'rous find

Fir to accomplish an Heroick Mind:

For which brave Action (worthy endless Praise)

Antient Poets rais'd him to the Skies.

So their Successors would ingrateful be

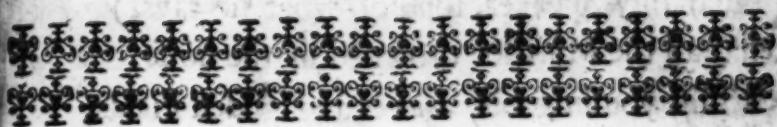
Not to applaud him to Eternitie.

**The**





PAN.



## *The Poetical History of Pan.*

**Y**E *Hural Gods*, who 'mongst the Fields resort,  
 And wisely shun the Busle of the Court;  
 VVhere dwindled Parts, with discontents lie mute,  
 Under the lustre of a Gaudy shute:  
 VVhere words obliging, and smiles fore't (to please)  
 Are but the treacherous minds *Antipodes*:  
 And cringes, by *Antithesis*, proclaim,  
 VVhat you request, you are not like t' obtain.  
 VVhere, though the *Peacock* Treats you with a smile,  
 Read but his mind, there's *Dam ye* all the while.  
 (*Why does this Credulous half-witted Bubble,*  
*With's vain Petition give me thus much trouble.*)

But *You* the noys of *Courts* discreetly shun,  
 You hate the *Hums*---and *Buzes*---of the *Town*.  
 VVhere busy men, like Bees together crowd,  
 And in their *Convocations* baul so loud.

(Each silly Speaker, fond of what he says,)
 That all the Musicks drowned in the noise.  
 Whilst you in gaudy *Lawns* and gilded Fields,  
 Enjoy that simple good which Nature yields;  
 Pure and unmixt as it at first does come  
 From the vast Treas'ry of her Teeming VVomb.  
 As are your Meats, so are your Pastimes free  
 From the strong tatch of Arts Debauchery.  
 The lust of honour fell Ambition here,  
 Does only in dim Metaphors appear.  
 Pride and Revenge, and softer Luxury,  
 Corroding sorrow, and that Gloomy Fry  
 Of other Passions which infest the mind  
 Of those to dangerous greatness are inclin'd;  
 To Nymphs and Satyrs, and Field Gods are known,  
 Only by Tracks of Dark Tradition.  
 Their Innocence I envy, and implore  
 From all their Genius's a lusty store  
 Of sprightly wit, that I thereby may be  
 Aptly accomplisht to discourse of thee  
 Great *Pan* ! The Fields and VVoods sole *Emperor*.  
 Give me at least a *Sidneys* Soul or more

That

That in an untrod path my Muse may fly,  
 To give thy Story Immortality.  
 Thou Grand-child to great Jupiters strong Brain,  
 From whence thy Father Mercury was tane;  
 VVho rayisht with the Beauty of a Maid,  
 VVhose Cruelty his Amorous Suit deny'd;  
 Resolv'd by Subtlety to undermine  
 That Fort which had withstood Loves Discipline;  
 'Tis so in Martial, well as Loves affair,  
 VVhen the Besieg'd unterrified appear;  
 Maugre the fruitless onsets of the Foe,  
 VVho from their Canons Fiery blasts do blow  
 On the Imperious walls, which scorn to shake,  
 For all the Storms and Batteries they can make.  
 The wise Besieger, who perceives at length,  
 Nothing can be accomplisht by his strength.  
 Close in his Tent shut up, do's Studying try,  
 To gain by's Wit, what Valour did deny.  
 Sometimes a Band of stoutest Men he calls,  
 To bid adieu to those unhappy VValls,  
 As if some greater business of import,  
 Call'd their assistance to a distant Fort.

Their



These by his Order in a week return  
 VVith the Besieged's colours, old and worn,  
 And by a feigned Combat with their Friends,  
 Shortly accomplish their desired Ends.  
 For the Besieged, who with Seamens Eyes,  
 Ken at a distance signs of fresh supplies,  
 VVilling to credit what they wisht to have,  
 Hope for assistance, where they find a Grave:  
 Hasten their Ruin, more for want of care,  
 Than could their Foe, with all the Toyls of war.  
 And thus did *Mercury*, by cunning Gain,  
 That Virgin *Fort* which he had Seorm'd in Vain,  
 VVho hearing all the pleasure which she took,  
 VVas in attendance of her little Flock,  
 On which she seem'd excessively to doat.  
 He therefore in the likeness of a Goat,  
 VVhich us'd to make a Bolster of her Thigh,  
 Did do the like; and when he was so Nigh----  
 No longer able to refrain, he ran  
 Upon his Bliss---- and so begot God *Pan*:  
 So much the Fathers shape the Son resum'd,  
 That Goatish Horns his hairy Temples Crown'd.

A Rev'rend Beard his pickit Chin adorn'd,  
 His Buttocks shaggy, and his Feet were horn'd  
 VVith glittering Hoofs, like *Gum-work* did appear,  
 His feet were cloven as the *Devils* are :

The strangeness of his Shape made Nymphs admire;  
 And listening Satyrs from their Grots retire.

The wondering Shepheard on his Thigh so strike  
 His Mutton Fist, and swear by his old *Dike*,  
 In all his Born he never saw the like.

But *Pan*, as he assum'd his Fathers shape,  
 So did he of his VVir participate.

His form was not so duskyish, but was seen  
 Through it, that glittering Soul which dwelt within,  
 VVhose blest Effects, the Rural Sports refin'd,  
 Both *Satyrs*, *Nymphs*, and *Shepheards* he inclin'd  
 To *Poesie*, the Glory of the Mind. )

VVhat others with long studious Toyl attain,  
 By Nature flow'd from his capacious Brain;  
 From out his Pipe Musick distill'd as clear,  
 As if he had cond his *Gamuth* forty Year.  
 His daily Practice Judgment did impart,  
 And made him so conceited of his Art;

That

That swel'd with Pride, he so irreverend grows,  
 To snatch at Laurels on *Apollo's* brows:  
 Dares his sweet Harp, with *Pans* rude Pipe, to try  
 On open Stage, for *Musicks* Victory.

*Mydas* was Umpire in the grand Contest,  
 To give the Prize to him deserv'd it best.

A silly Judge *Pan* knew gives most applause,  
 And best success to a Resembling Cause,  
 And so it prov'd. Him Error did misguide,  
 To bear the Laurel from *Apollo's* side,  
 VVhich *Mydas* as his due on *Pan* bestows,  
 And thought he Crown'd the most deserving brows,  
 VVhich injury *Apollo* soon repairs,  
 VVho to his *Woodcocks* Brains sent *Asses* Ears.

The



BACCHUS



BACCHUS



## *The Poetical History of Bacchus.*

**T**Is not the meanest Title did Adorn  
 Renowned *Thebes*, that *Bacchus* there was born,  
 That Jolly God, whose Fame was after hurl'd  
 Through every corner of this Lower world.  
 Ne're by *Oblivions* cloud to be o're cast,  
 So long as *Men*, or *Grapes*, or *Wines* do last:  
 Or *Sols* refulgent *Beams* from far appear,  
 Or mirth inhabits in this *Hemisphere*.  
 So long as clambering *Vines* do upward thrive,  
 Or *Men* know how the happiest way to live  
 By *Bacchanalian* Antidotes, to drive  
 From their depressed Souls corroding grief,  
 Which every humane Error home does press,  
 And worm-like gnaws our goard of Happiness.  
 So long may *Jupiter* expect his Son,  
 Free from the Grave of dark *Oblivion*,



Or the more fierce Attaques of *Hungry Time*  
 Will live, and by the World be thought *Divine*.  
 Nor need his Fair, though hapless *Mother* fear,  
 But by his means to be remember'd here;  
 Though of her *Life* revengeful *Juno* did  
 By craft cut off the unextended *Thred*.  
 The *Stories* thus, *Juno*, who ne're at Peace  
 With any of her Husbands *Mistresses*,  
 In an old *Matrons* habit came disguiz'd  
 To *Semele*, whom slyly shee adviz'd  
 As shee her Interest or *Honour* priz'd,  
 To suffer *Jupiters* most close Imbrace  
 VVhen Arm'd with Thunder, as before he was.  
 VVhen first he enter'd *Juno's* Virgins Bed,  
 And Crown'd his Labours with her Maiden-head,  
*Semele* consented to the fault,  
 But b'ing too weak to bare the fierce assault,  
 Was inth' Incounter by his *Thunder* Kil'd,  
 Just as her Virgin *Womb* by him was fil'd.  
 Ere from the Boysterous God he could retire,  
 (According to Vext *Juno's* wisht desire;)

But *Jupiter* with Tears her Death bemoan'd,  
 And after he a while had sigh'd and groan'd,  
 With such Excess, as did to pity move  
 The other *Gods* for his unhappy *Love*.  
 He piously bestow'd his *God-like* care,  
 The *Embroy'd Infant* in her *Womb* to spare;  
 Which soon he sever'd from its reeking Bed,  
 And by a deep Incision which he made  
 Into the Centre of his Brawny *Thigh*  
 (An Artificial Matrix to the Eye)  
 He caus'd it there for nourishment to lie,  
 Till its Birth-time should force its Libertie;  
 For which great *Jupiter* much honour gain'd,  
 And *Bacchus* after was *Bimater* Nam'd.

Ten Moons had scarcely fil'd their Monthly course,  
 When thriving *Bacchus* by Dame *Natures* force,  
 Scorning the Prison of his Fathers *Thigh*,  
 Got strength to force his safe Delivery.  
 His Youthful days in learning Arts he spent,  
 Under the wise and prosp'rous Government  
 Of grave *Silenus*, who with Wit sublim'd,  
 Stockt and Imbellisht his *Heroick* Mind.

Which

Which made him prompt to Actions brave and high,  
Whereby he purchas'd *Immortality*.

His Virgin Valour 'mongst the *Indians* flew,  
From whose black swelling Veins he often drew  
Hot reeking streams of putrified Gore, (Shore

Which Dy'd their Seas, and stain'd the neighbouring  
Leaving those *Fields* wherein he Battles wone,  
With blushing *Cheeks* to tell what he had done;  
And Hills of breathless *Indians* heap'd on high  
To Monument his Bloody Victory.

The *Blacks* at length no longer would dispute,  
But rendr'd all his Conquests *Absolute*,

By their discreet Electing him to be,  
There Foe no longer, but their *Deity*.

There, *Tryumph* in its Infancy was seen,  
VWhich owes its first Original to him:

Which he from vanquisht *Indians* did procure,  
As a just Tribute to their Conqueror.

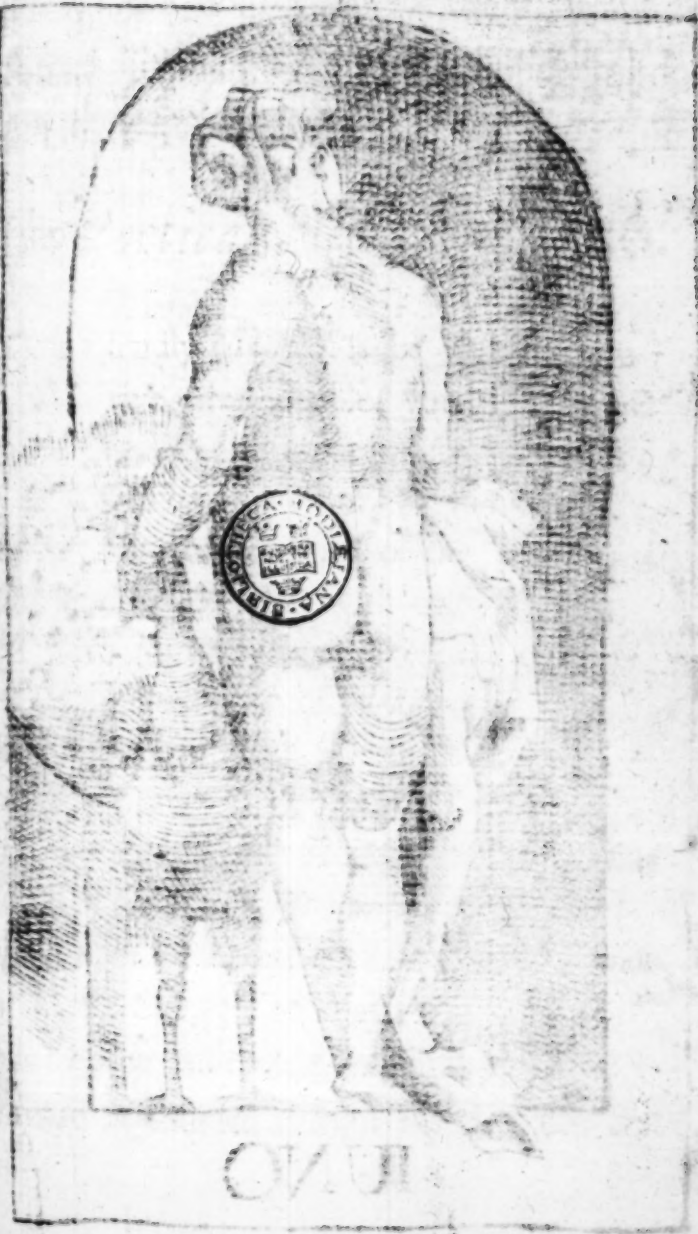
A Royal Diadem adorn'd his brow,  
And Libian *Tisssue* cover'd all below

In an Imperial Chariot where he sat,  
Were all the Rich *Hibliments* of State

Drawn by fierce *Tygers*, who their rage suspended,  
 To do him Honour till the Tryumph ended.  
 A Lance instead of Scepter fill'd his hand;  
 As the *Monarchique* sign of his command :  
 Whilst Noblest *Indians* round about him throng;  
 To do him Honour as he Marcht along;  
 With so much Glory, and a Train so great,  
 That after *Romans* did but Ape his State.  
 When *Bacchus* saw the *Indians* had bestow'd  
 On him the Praise, and homage of a *God*;  
 Erecting several Temples to his Name,  
 Wherein each day were *Goats* and *Asses* slain  
 With fiery *Dragons*, and the chattering *Pye*,  
 T' appease (forsooth) his angry *Deity*.  
 To shew him worthy of that large respect  
 To Arts and Sciences, he did direct  
 The search and study of his curious Brain,  
 Wherein he did to that degree attain,  
 That many wholesome Laws had thence their Rise,  
 VVhich curb'd and check't the Brutish *Indians* vice:  
 And many *Arts* and *Sciences* were made  
 Assistant to them in their way of Trade :

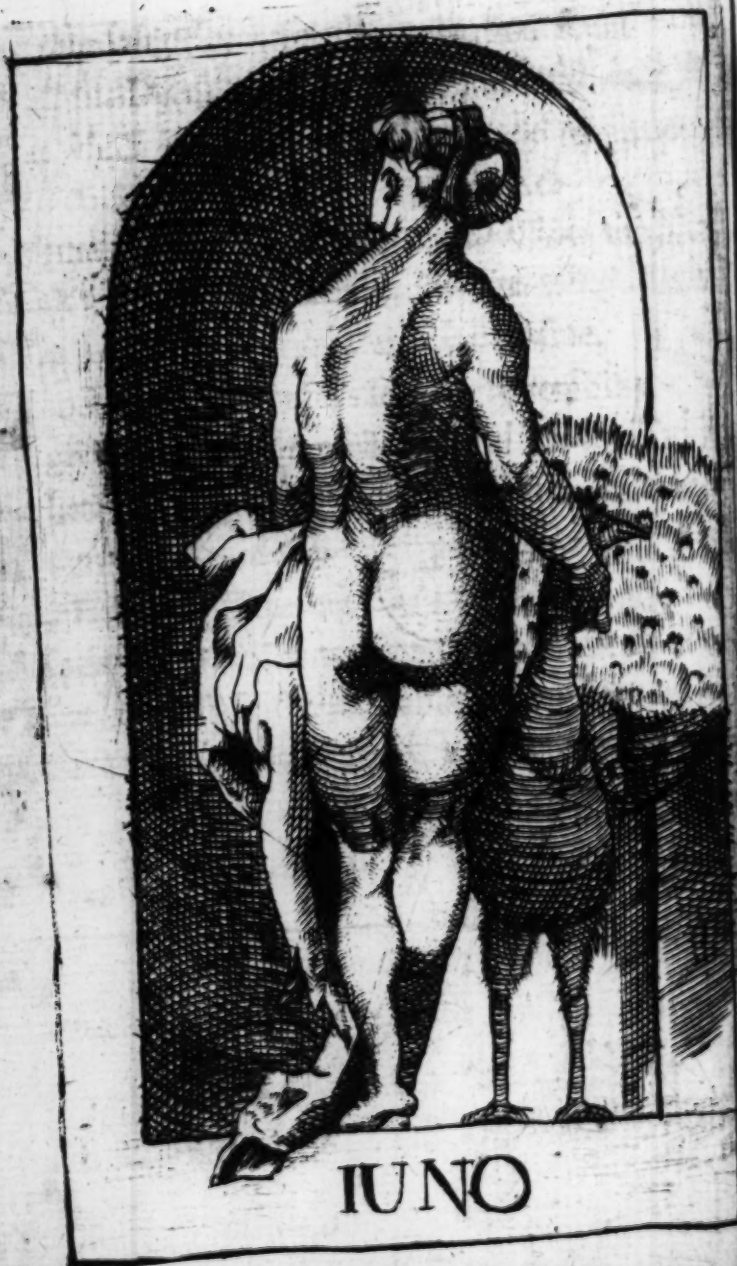
But that which gratefulest acception found  
 Of all his Deeds, and all his Studies crown'd,  
 That which such vast engagement did contract,  
 As to oblige the world in one sole Act;  
 And makes the *Indian*, and the *Christian* too,  
 Think all their Praise comes short of what's his due  
 VVas the Invention of the fruitful Vine,  
 VVhose plotting Clusters seemingly combine }  
 To give Man (like himself) a Soul Divine. }  
 To heave his fleeting Thoughts to such a pitch;  
 As they with ease the Chrystal *Heav'n* may reach  
 And from its glittering Capital behold,  
 Hells dark Transactions through this Mask of Mould  
 VVhat boundless *Ocean's* able to confine  
 The active thought, tost by a gust of wine?

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## *The Poetical History of Juno.*

**Y**OU friendly *Muses*, I'll be Judg by you,  
 If I have often troubled you or no,  
 Not but I've wanted your assistance much,  
 But my respect to you was always such,  
 That like some bolder Poets of the Time,  
 I durst not trouble you with ev'ry Rhime;  
 Your steep *Parnassus* I ne're ventur'd on,  
 Nor ever askt a drop of *Helicon*;  
 Which I forbore, both in respect of you,  
 And complaisance to better Poets too;  
 Nor e're could think it fit such thoughts as mine  
 Should oft disturb ye, *You most Sacred Nine* !  
 When such as *Dreydons*, and sweet *Flatmans*, be  
 The happy Subjects of your Privacie,  
 What reason can induce, methinks I shou'd  
 Be heard or minded 'mongst that Learned croud.

No *Thelia*, I have still despair'd, and Vow  
 By all the Gods, I had not beg'd as now  
 Your blest assistance, but the Truth to tell,  
 This Heft'ring Goddess, if I write not well,  
 With such loud Peals, I fear mine Ears will storm,  
 That what with Scolding, and revengeful scorn,  
 I shall account it Policy to die,  
 On purpose to evade her Cruelty:  
 For she who could o're top great *Jupiter*  
 In Heav'n, and often wore the Breeches there.  
 She, who the fair *Latona* at her will  
 Could cause confin'd in *Delos* floating Isle,  
 And by some unjust Quarrel did ingage  
 Each *Junior* God to undergo her Rage,  
 Which undeservedly upon them fell,  
 And made their Heav'n as Anxious as a Hell.  
 She, who amongst the Gods could Cruel be,  
 If I offend, what will become of me?  
 Thus much to you in Private, but beware  
 (Let me beseech ye) *Juno* does not hear,  
 Till your assistance my low Phansie raise,  
 And she commends, and checkles at her praise.

Heav'n's mighty Empress ! thou, who still hast bin  
To us a Goddess, and to Gods a Queen.

Who think it their Prerogative to be  
Preferr'd, and govern'd by thy wise decree ;  
And round about thy *Thron* do listning stand ;  
To catch th' *unworded Breath* of thy *Command*

Ere it be coin in Language ; who do try  
To intercept thy meaning at thy Eye ;  
And thy Important Business run about  
So fast, they stay not till thy words be out.

Thou, who with slackned thoughts art pleas'd, Bow  
Thy mind to Rule this trifling Orb below ;  
VVhilst careless *Jupiter* his senses Drowns  
In Luxury, which Heaven and Earth confounds.  
Thou mighty Empress, from thy Heavenly Seat,  
Art thou for us contriving humane Fate ;  
Which thou like Sun-beams kindly dost disperse  
'Mongst the poor *Insects* of this Universe.

*Sparta*, and *Argos*, and *Mycena* too,  
Gave thee these *Appellations* as thy due ;  
And firtil *Samos*, where thy Youth was spent  
In harmless sports, and decent Meriment :

VWhere crouds of Virgins, in a neighbouring Plain,  
 By sportive flights thy Favour strove to gain.  
 Some with their well strung *Timbrels* in their hand,  
 In perfect time would tread the even strand.  
 Some with a Sonnet Song to Oaten Pipe,  
 In well tun'd Noats, would court thy wisht delight,  
 VVhilst others with more hard, but pleasing toyl,  
 By well run Races, gain'd thy happy smile;  
 But the result of all, was, which should be  
 To a good Husband first prefer'd by *Thee*.  
 Thus did thy growing *Worth*, whilst Young, presage  
 The envy'd Glories of thy riper Age  
 For to compleat you, which great *Jupiter*,  
 VVhose chance it was at first to see Thee there,  
 No sooner view'd thy Majesty and Grace,  
 Those crouds of Beauties which adorn thy Face.  
 The peerless whiteness of thy Snowye skin,  
 Thy Nature Greatness, and thy Royal Meen;  
 But he was conquer'd by a strange surprize,  
 And forc'd a Captive to thy Regal Eyes;  
 VVhom thou with much intreaty didst approve,  
 As the only God deserving of thy Love.

And in requital of his pains, service Wed,  
 And Crownd't his wishes with thy *Maiden-head*.  
 From whose warm Nuptial pleasures were deriv'd  
*Vulcan*, whose Ugliness his Parents griev'd.

VVith *Hebe*, *Arge*, and Renowned *Mars*,  
 The Heav'nly General in the Earthly Wars.  
 This Goddess *Romes* Protectress chose to be,  
 But unto *Thakes* an utter Enemie.

VVho when *Pollibus* out of *Phocis* came,  
 VVhere he had Ign'rantly his Father slain;  
 Hoping within that Learned Town to find  
 Balm to assuage the Horrors of his mind.

*Juno* before the City Gates had rais'd  
 A Hideous Serpent, whose strange Form amaz'd  
 The sad Inhabitants; A Girls Face,  
 And a Dogs Body, did it's Form disgrace:  
 VVith wings on's Back, and a fell Dragons Tail,  
 It did it's hapless Enemies assail.

*Juno* had giv'n it this Injurious Pow'r,  
 That all those Passengers it should devour,  
 VVhom want of wit, disabled to unfold  
 His dark *Ænygma* which was thus wise told.



*That Creature (Mortal) I of thee must know;  
 Which in the Morning on four Feet does go,  
 At Noon on two, but in the Evening he  
 Calls for another, and makes use of Three;  
 Which wise Oedipus did throughly Scan,  
 And boldly answered, That it was a Man;  
 Who in the Morning of his Age did creep  
 With the assistance both of Hands and Feet;  
 And at his Noon, or Prime, did boldly Run  
 By the supportage of his Feet alone;  
 But in the Evening of his Age debar'd  
 Of Strength, requires a Staff, which makes the third  
 Which said, The Serpent gave a hideous Groan,  
 And at that Instant fled the joyful Town.*

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MINERVA

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## The Poetical History of Minerva.

**T**Hy self *Minerva* only I implore,  
 Lend me th'assistance, and I crave no more.  
 Thou wondrous *Product* of a *Head Divine*,  
 Infuse some *Wit* into these Brains of mine;  
 That all thy Acts I nobly may rehearse,  
 And Sing thy Story to the Universe;  
 That all the yet unknowing World may be,  
 Thoroughly convinc'd of thy Divinity.  
 VWhen glorious *Jupiter* had rul'd the Throne  
 Of *Heav'n* so long, that equal there were none  
 That durst be so presumptuous, to compare  
 VWith those blest Attributes his mind did share.  
 Methinks I see him in his splendor sit,  
 Swaying the Empires of the *World* and *Wit*.  
 Those boundless Notions which enrich'd his mind,  
 VVere grown too Bulky now to be confin'd;  
 And

And Cross-grain'd *Juno* at this time b'ing fed,  
 To be unwilling to partake his Bed;  
 Denying him thereby the means to obtain  
 A God-like Heir, which after him might Reign.  
 He to revenge th' unkindness of his *Queen*,  
 VWho then was causlessly unkind to him,  
 To limping *Vulcan* went (his Brain b'ing full)  
 Prays him with Hatchet to dissect his Skull,  
 VWhich strange command the Sooty God obey'd,  
 And out there leapt a pretty Armed *Maid*  
 Frisking about; in her right hand a Lance,  
 VWherewith she trod the VVarlike *Phirrhick* Dance,  
 VWhich in the *Trojan* wars was first begun  
 By Active *Pyrhus*, great *Achillis* Son.  
 This Martial Nymph, who strangely did appear,  
 VWas Nam'd *Minerva*, Deity of *War*:  
*War* was her Province, and she took delight  
 To hear of Quarrels, and to see Men Fight;  
 Sought out for Battles, and where e're they were,  
 Besure *Minerva* always would be there.  
 VWhen mighty *Pompeys* Fate was forc't to yield  
 To *Casars* Fortune i'th' *Pharsalian* Field,

*Minerva*

*Minerva* griev'd, and would have turn'd the Scale,  
 But that fierce *Juno* 'gainst her did prevaile  
 With greater Pow'r, reverting the blest tide  
 Of dear bought Victory to *Cæsars* side.  
 So when in *Latiums* Bowels did appear  
 The *Carthaginian* waging Dreadful War:  
*Minerva* saw his *Valour* and his *Wit*,  
 And with her presence daily honour'd it;  
 She smil'd to see the sprightly Youth all gore  
 Of *Roman* Veins, which ne're had Bled before;  
 And Crown'd his Acts with happy *Victory*  
 O're those who ne're before were taught to fly;  
 She view'd his flights and Stratagems of War,  
 Whereby he made two *Hannibals* appear;  
 One in the Fields, retreating *Romans* own,  
 Another the *Senat* Swore was in a Gown:  
 It gave *Minerva* heavenly content,  
 To see the Present was to *Carthage* sent,  
 And none so simply lookt (to Heav'n she Sings)  
 As dying *Romans* when they'd lost their Rings.  
 She shook her sides to the *Dons* of *Rome*,  
 (They who an Empire o're the world did own)  
 Confined Pris'ners in their Native Town.



In fine, where *Innate Valour* did Reside;  
 The over pour'd *Minerva* chose that side,  
 And when hot *Passion* sate in *Valours* place,  
 She did her best to bring it to disgrace.  
 VVhen from great *Jupiter Uropa* fled,  
 (Having before by him been *Ravish'd*)  
 Griev'd *Agenor*, her Father, gave command  
 That his Son *Cadmus* seek her through the Land;  
 And if not there, to search the world about,  
 On pain of Death, till he had found her out.  
 But *Cadmus*, after he with pain had gone  
 Through many desarts, and through Lands unknown,  
 VVearied with Travel, and despairing too  
 Of ever finding her he did Persue.  
 Considering too, if he return'd again,  
 Death was to be the wages of his pain.  
 Loaded with grief, and Anxious discontent,  
 To *Delphos* famous Oracle he went,  
 And of the *Amphibious* Nymph desir'd to know,  
 VVhat in this *Exigent* h'had best to do:  
 The Oracle the *Prince* did kindly greet,  
 And bad him the next Oxe he chanc'd to meet,

To seize him for himself, as Lawful Prize,  
 And offer to the best of Deities  
*Minerva*, who his Case best understood,  
 And was most able to advise his good.  
*Cadmus* obeys, and on his Journey went  
 Through *Warlike Greece*, where on a small ascent,  
 Beneath the umbrage of a gloomy Wood,  
 He found the expected Beast which grazing stood.  
 Whom joyful *Cadmus* and his Men surpriz'd,  
 And to *Minerva* would have Sacrific'd,  
 But that in order to that Pious Care  
 Which in such Sacred Actions usual are,  
*Cadmus* for water had dismiss his Train,  
 To *Dirce's* Fountain, where they all were slain  
 By a fierce Dragon, which was use to abide  
 In a thick *Break*, hard by the Forrest side;  
 So that Young *Cadmus's* self was left alone,  
 To do the work of his Devotion.  
 With pain the Sacrifice b'ing kil'd and ended,  
 For *Cadmus* course, *Minerva* was recommended,  
 That first he should that dreadful Dragon slay,  
 And sow his Teeth where his own dead Friends lay.

From

From which strange Seed an Army should arise  
 Able to guard him from his Enemies;  
 And likewise to assist him to Erect  
 Structures impregnable, as might protect  
 Him and his Companions wholly free  
 From his Unnat'ral Fathers harsh Decree.  
 This *Cadmus* did, and with no small surprize  
 To see an Army from the Teeth arise  
 Which Ranckt and Muster'd, all before him stand  
 Ready to work or March, at his Command:  
 The Souldiers by *Minerva's* wise advice,  
 Were carried to the place of Sacrifice,  
 (Where the Prophetick Oxes blood was spilt,)  
 On which fam'd Spot Renowned *Thebes* was built;  
 Whose spacious *Forum* to a Temple led,  
 Where by Learn'd *Thebans* she was worshipped.

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## *The Poetical History of Cybele.*

**Y**OU *Vestal Virgins*, who do watch that Fire,  
 which like your Chastities, must ne're expire.  
 You who of Noblest *Romans* were descended,  
 Whose *fames* did rival those bright *Beams* you tended.  
 Lend me a *Spark*, my grov'ling *Muse* to raise  
 To a fit pitch, to write *Cybele's* Praise.

*Memoes* Fair Daughter, *Phrygia's* mighty King,  
 In whose loud applause *Athenian* Quills did Sing,  
 Till for some weighty Fatal cause, unknown,  
 He was so cruel to *Cybele* grown,  
 That Maugre all that Dearness, Love, and Care,  
 That Parents to their Children ought to bare.  
 Far from his Throne, amidst a Desert wild,  
 Which nought but with wild Beasts was stockt & fill'd,  
 Midst bleakish winds, and in a place forlorn,  
 He left the Fair *Cybele* to be torn

By



By *Tygars, Panthers*, or what else thought fit  
 To Bait his Stomack with that Royal bit,  
 VWho had no other guard for her defence  
 But swadling cloaths and Infant Innocence :  
 But whatsoe're we think, ----those Heav'nly Pow'rs  
 VWho Register each word and Act of ours,  
 VWho Rule the world, and by Experience see  
 VWhat homage 'longs to Sacred Majesty.  
 Put down a Mighty blot, when they behold  
 VVe wave our Loyalty for drossy Gold :  
 This, by this Story may be understood,  
 VWhere Brutes turn Guardians unto Royal Blood;  
 Renounce their Rav'nous Natures, and become  
 To Majesty a safe *Palladium*.  
 For vext *Cleone* had not left behind  
 The Child an hour, to be expos'd toth' wind,  
 But from a neighbouring VWood to seek for Prey,  
 A hungry Lyon made his hasty way,  
 Directly t'wards the place the Infant lay.  
 The Beast Surveys her with a Tayl reclin'd,  
 And haughty look, as tow'ring as his Mind ;

Then by a sudden start did seem to spy }  
 Unusual Greatness dawning in her Eye, }  
 Which he Admir'd by Nat'ral sympathy. }

In this Amaze, a Rav'nous Tygar comes  
 With open Mouth, and at the Infant Runs,  
 Whom doubtless she had made her wretched Prey,  
 Had not the Kingly Lyon stopt her way;

So that each Beast at other b'ing inrag'd,  
 In a fierce Combat strongly were engag'd;  
 Which from a far, a stragling Shepherd spies,  
 And whilst they strugled, snatch'd away the Prize.

Cybele's Beauty did the Swain ingage,  
 To Educate her till she came to Age;  
 And then so bright she seem'd, her Beauty cou'd  
 Out-shine the Sun, and make it seem a Cloud.

As Goddess of the Woods she daily walk'd,  
 To whom Young Shepherds at a distance talk'd;  
 Gath'ring those Roses were most fresh and gay,  
 To strew before her in her happy way;

Striving by little services, to move  
 The Beauceous Shepherd to requite their Love:



But

But she neglected all, till she had seen  
 A sprightly Shepherd of a graceful Meen,  
 To whom such kindnesſes ſhe did impart,  
 That all imagin'd he had gain'd her heart;  
 And ſo itſ like he had, for by his Suit  
 He gain'd both heart and Maiden-head to boot,  
 At the dear purchaſe of his deareſt Life,  
 For whom *Cybela* after dy'd of Grief.  
 Which doleful News to *Italy* was brought,  
 When mighty *Hannibal* had newly Fought  
 That *Canna's* Battle, where the Fields he ſtrow'd  
 With mighty Deluges of *Roman* Blood;  
 And Poſting t'wards the trembling Capital,  
 Threatned both it, and all the Senats fall:  
 In which ſtrange Exegeece, the Senate ſent  
 Of thoſe ſad Wars, to learn the dire Event  
 From ſam'd *Cybeles* Books, where future Fate  
 In obſcure Characters was darkly Writ.  
 Which thus inform'd; the *Carthaginians* may  
 From *Romes* proud Gates with eaſe be driv'n away,  
 Provided ſome bold *Roman* Conſul come,  
 And take *Cybele's* Statue into *Rome*;

Which

Which by *Pompilius* was no sooner done;  
 But *Scipio Affrica* a Conquest wone;  
 And by six Thousand *Carthaginians* fall,  
 Forc'd them to send for Conquering *Hanibal*.  
 After the Conquering *Romans* rais'd her Fame,  
 (Both *Vesta* and *Cybele* b'ing the same)  
 And her with strange and endless Fire ador'd,  
 To whom instead of Sprites they did afford  
 A Flock of Virgins, who alternate came  
 To watch and manage that Æternal Flame.  
 A Fire so strange, it curiously would try  
 That Virgin, who had stain'd her Chastity:  
 Who ever after, if she dare to come  
 To stir those Embers, they would her consume.  
 Some Antient Poets in their Books discover,  
*Cybele* was the Gods great Grand-mother.  
 Who when Eternity had grunting layn  
 So long, till she was brought to Bed of Time,  
*Cybele* too in torturing Pangs was hurl'd,  
 Lab'ring in Travel of an unborn VWorld:  
 From whose large Soul deriv'd in after time,  
 VWere all those Deities they term'd Divine.

As Mistress of the Earth she now Infuses  
 That genial heat which Hearbs and Flow'rs produces,  
 And by the Suns imbraces, yet does bring  
 Into the world each Year a lusty Spring;  
 For which the grateful Painters do bestow  
 Small Towns, like Lawrels, circling round her Brow.  
 In a low Vale a fertile Hill does rise,  
 Whose Fruit does bound the Prospect of her Eyes;  
 Whilst in a stately Chariot she o'relooks  
 Fair Landskips Lac'd with glittering Silver Brooks,  
 Which 'twixt their flowry Banks do gently fly,  
 Rend'ring their Beauty double to the Eye:  
 Thus was this Reverend Goddess use to Ride,  
 With crouds of Shepherds Lacquing by her side.

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## *The Poetical History of Pluto.*

**B**Eyond the utmost Limits of the Earth;  
 In a vast space which gave young *Time* its Birth;  
 Where dancing Atoms silently do Mourn,  
 Because they cannot Jumble into Form.  
 A piece of that old *Vacuum* or Shade,  
 Where Eldest Spirits their first Revels made;  
 And frisking *Demons* afterwards were hurl'd,  
 Free from the croudings of this Bulky *World*,  
 Which push'd and shov'd 'em up to lesser Room,  
 Making incroachments on their *Vacuum*.  
 There wrapt in Flames a dreadful Throne does stand,  
 O're which Infernal *Pluto* bears command,  
 Stretching his Firy Scepter out so far,  
 As loudly speaks him *Hells* great *Emperor*.  
 Burning Grannadoes 'stead of Jems appear,  
 Like blazing studds on his supported Chair,

VWhich o're remoter shades large prospects takes  
 From the strong *Atlas* of grim Spirits backs :  
 His shrill Command the silent *Grott* invades,  
 Which caught by *Eccho's*, bandy'd through the shades  
 Till startled Ghosts from out their Bushes run,  
 Like frightened Hares about the *Elyzium*.  
 And fleshless *Skeletons* surprized so,  
 They leave their Brakes, and wrattle as they go.

Departing Souls to this Infernal Court,  
 VWhen they forsake their lifeless Trunks resort,  
 VWhere correspondent toth' deeds they have done,  
 They trembling sit to hear deserved doom,  
 From *Minos*, *Radamanthus*, and the rest,  
 VWhose spotless Lives deserv'd that power best,  
 VWhom to that Office *Pluto* did prefer  
 For their unbyas'd Justice practic'd here.  
 At the poor Souls approach, the Judges call }  
 For their Diurnal, or that hideous Scrall }  
 Carefully kept in Heav'ns great Capital, }  
 All to be daub'd with wretched Sinners names,  
 VWhich all their close and open Sins proclaims,

In Letters Capital, so plain toth' Eye,  
 That when the trembling Sinner comes to die,  
 Like Boys in *Horn-Books*, h'reads em through the  
 (Skie.)

Judgment according to their Crimes b'ing past,  
 The wicked Souls to *Tartarus* were cast;  
 That by a certain time of suffering there,  
 They might Attone those Sins they acted here.  
 The first thing there, the amazed Souls beheld,  
 Vvas mighty Gyants, under Mountains quel'd;  
 Down to hot flames, because before they strove  
 From Heav'ns bright *Throne*, to pull the Pow'rs above.  
 The next which beg'd attention from the Eye  
 Vvas wretched *Ixion*, whose Love soar'd so high,  
 To court compliance in stern *Juno's* will,  
 For which attempt she bound him to a wheel,  
 VVhich in a swift unseasant pace did move,  
 To give him Torture for his saucy Love.  
 But that which admiration most obtains,  
 Vvas *Sisyphus* his unsuccessful pains  
 Condemn'd for Theft, to Roll a mighty Stone  
 Up a steep Hill, which faster tumbled down,

And by the force of it's prevailing weight,  
 Renders him hopeless of a milder Fate.  
 In hellish *Tartarus* to stay their Times,  
 Appointed were according to their Crimes;  
 Some small, some great, which soon as e're expir'd,  
 The now confined Soul with joy retir'd  
 To those cool shades, where lavish Blessings run  
 Frequent as Air, and make *Elyzium*.  
 The shape of Ghosts they now retain no more,  
 But each resumes his Form as heretofore.  
 There Lovers, which this peevish World deny'd  
 Their wisht *Conjunction*, happily reside,  
 Free from disturbance 'mongst those shady Groves,  
 Reaping the utmost wishes of their Loves.  
 Some waste their happy Minutes, to declare  
 Th' affronts and crosses which they meet with here;  
 And then with thoughts renew'd, those griefs destroy,  
 Pond'ring the freedom which they now enjoy.  
 Here mighty Love does all his charms disclose,  
 Here *Friends*, nor *Law*, nor *Int'rest* interpose,  
 But ev'ry Lover to his Mate is giv'n,  
 With whom he lives, and makes a perfect *Heav'n*.

Here

Here lovely *Chen*---- ! when th' obliging *Gods* !  
 Shall call us to them in these Green aboads,  
 Beneath some pensive Willow, thou and I,  
 Condemned here, alas ! to Gaze and Sigh,  
 Shall then those Pow'rs themselves to Envy move,  
 VVhen we compleat our long suspended Love.  
*Gods* will disown their Essences, and wish  
 To be like us, when they behold our Bliss.  
 And envious Lovers at their Fates repine,  
 When thy warm Arms shall cling as close as mine ?  
 VVhen of thy Beauties I shall be possesst,  
 And Love and Youth make up an endless Feast ;  
 And if at any time our fervour shall  
 Admit an hour or two of Interval,  
 Resembling Recreation I shall find,  
 VVhen I contemplate thy Illustrious mind ;  
 Thou hast a Soul so noble, and refin'd,  
 And so transcending silly VVoman kind !  
 That when in blest *Elyzium* it appears,  
 The wond'ring *Gods* will think it one of their ;  
 Treat it accordingly, till I do prove  
 Thee mine alone, by Tenure of my Love.



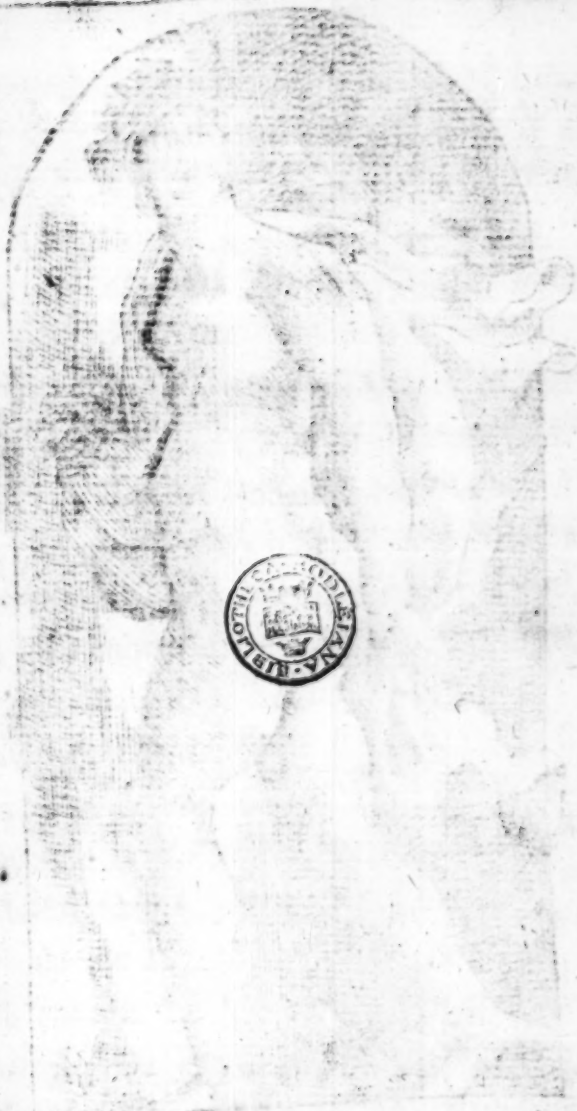
Ah! whilst I think on thee, my Pen does write  
 VVith so much satisfaction and delight,  
 That common Lovers, in their sweetest Joys,  
 May wish my Pleasures, whilst I write thy Praise:  
 Pardon great *Pluto*, that so long I Rove,  
 I left my *Theme* a while to meet my Love:  
 So once with Amorous thoughts thy Breast did swell;  
 VVhen *Proserpina* thou Redeem'd'st from Hell:  
 Furies nor Fire, could not then remove  
 The wild Excursion of thy Frantick Love:  
 But thou to Heav'n, through both, did'st her convey,  
 As Old *Archises* rid through Flames of *Troy*.

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PROFESSOR



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## *The Poetical History of Proserpina*

**W**Hat Mighty Mines of hidden Magick lie  
 In the small Circle of a Womans Eye;  
 VVhen Statemens Policies, and Heroes Arms,  
 Are fain to stoop to its prevailing Charms,  
 And on this score concede to mighty Love,  
 [VVhat conquer'd them has done the same by *Jove*]  
 VVho first his God-head as a Victim lays  
 Down to the Mercy of *Larona's* Eys,  
 And then divests himself of all his Power  
 To young *Deneæ* in the Brazen Tower;  
 To tell the various Intrigues of his Love,  
 VVould but a *Herculean* labour prove:  
 It is enough the Courteous Reader knows,  
 That *Jove* at length to *Ceres* Beauty bows,  
 On whom his Promises such Credence gain,  
 She yields the *Fort* which ne're before was tane;  
And

And *Proserpina*, (Heav'n's Imperial Queen)  
 Her being owes to the Lascivious Sin;  
 The dauning Glories of whose Morning years,  
 A Prodigee to neighbouring Gods appears;  
 VWho by those Seeds of Beauty fate had sow'n  
 In her fair cheeks, presag'd the Cropp when grown.  
 Each Amorous Deity attempts t'engage  
 In Youth her Love, against she comes to Age,  
 VWhilst she as coyly does their Flames disown,  
 And scorns a Present lesser than a Crown.  
 Her Native *Grandure*, and her Courtlike *Meen*,  
 Dispos'd her only fit to be a *Queen*;  
 Nor can in Heav'n her young Ambition find  
 Ought but a Throne to stop her greedy Mind.  
 VWhen ripe Maturity had Crown'd her years,  
 And warm'd her Brain with strange ambitious cares.  
 Her envious Eyes to Heav'n's bright Thrown she cast,  
 And mourn'd to see that Seat before possesst.  
 Then with a haughty and Imperious Eye,  
 She view'd and scorn'd Earths brittle *Sov'raignty*.  
 VWhere Men o're night like Demi-Gods appear,  
 And in the Morning want a Sepulcher.

Next to great Neptunes Throne her thoughts did soar;  
 But he was furnisht with a *Queen* before;  
 So that at last she knew not where to find  
 An empty *Throne* to satisfie her Mind;  
 Just at this juncture, *Pluto*, whose grim Face;  
 Had formerly procur'd him much disgrace  
 'Mongst other *Goddeses*, who view'd with scorn  
 Th'Infernal King, by reason of his Form.  
 Great flaming Eyes, with Skin as dark as Night;  
 And bloated Cheeks, made not to tempt, but fright:  
 The dreadful Horror of his looks, did move  
 The Heav'nly *Goddeses* to Fear, not Love.  
 At whose approach, they always us'd to fly  
 His Hellish Courtship, and his company:  
 Fearful from Hell, that he was rather sent;  
 Not as a Courtier, but a Punishment.  
 But when untam'd Ambition gapes for Pow'r;  
 What nauceous *Goblets* will it not devour?  
 Trampling o're all the Passions of the Mind  
 With as much ease, as wind through Chaff does find.  
 Fear and distrust, their Trepidations shun,  
 Thrust by Ambition, both to Courage Run.

Unmanly



Unmanly Cowardice, and dark Dispair;  
 Leave the low Rooms, and to the Heart repair;  
 VVhere finding close *Caballs* of Passions met,  
*Ambitions* grand design to Propagate;  
 They frankly close, and as they had forgot  
 Their Names, become the desperat'st in the *Plot*;  
 VVhilst *Envy*, *Anger*, with bold courage ty'd,  
 And all the lesser Faculties beside;  
 VVith all the Pow'r, and art they have, conspire  
 The sure compleatment of the wild desire;  
 Nay, mighty Love, which will no homage own,  
 To ought inferiour, stoops unto a Crown;  
 And will by Proxy of a Picture Guess,  
 (In hopes of that) at other happiness.  
 The Bait of a Monarchick fate appears  
 So charming to the Ambitious Purchasers!  
 (To whom the inlay'd troubles of a Crown  
 B'ing Hiv'd in Gold, are utterly unknown,)  
 That they the grounds of Love but light esteem,  
 VVhen it opposes hopes of *Diadem*.  
 Thus *Proserpina*, *Pluto's* Love do's own,  
 She over looks his Face, to see his Crown;

From whose bright Pearls, such glittering dawns arise,  
As drown'd the Horror of her Lovels Eyes.

She not at him, but at his Throne does gaze,  
Runs to his Arms, but ne're beholds his Face;  
VVhere lockt in forc'd Imbraces, she derives  
Not Loves warm joys, but those Ambition gives;  
VVhilst thoughts of glory do that loss redeem,  
As subtle VVomen think on other Men.-----

To *Aetna's* Flaming Mountain *Pluto* brought  
Th' Ambitious Goddess, where with care he sought

In Loves great mannagement, to shew such skill,  
By VVir and Language, as might gain her will.

But both b'ing ineffectual, he was fain

By force to Ravish what he beg'd in vain.

VVe most Eversion find in willing Mis-----

VVhose feign'd resistance but indears the Bliss;

VVhich else by Foolish Lovers would be thought

Not worth injoying, 'twas so cheaply bought.

*Pluto* the gloomy Emperor of *Hell*,

Behav'd himself in Loves Carefs so well,

That *Proserpina* now insults no more,

But seems to Sigh, she did not yield before.

Such

Such strange unlanguage'd Joys does Love dispence,  
 It makes the Lover hate his Continnence:  
 And (where Religions wanting) hugg the Sin  
 To which he grieves he launcht no sooner in:  
 Thus mighty *Pluto*, scal'd the Virgin Fort,  
 And now he thinks he need no longer Court:  
 VVhen that's once lost, the Woman Raigns no more,  
 But Courts the Man, as he did her before:  
 VVithout more words, she Vows to be his Queen,  
 And down hot *Ætna's* Entrils follows him,  
 To those dull Shades where injur'd Lovers keep:  
 There *Pluto* Crown'd her Empress of the Deep.  
 VVhose Story thus much of her Sex does tell,  
 They will be Ruling, though it be in Hell.

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## *The Poetical History of Hercules.*

**W**Hen we discourse of brave *Alcides* Fame,  
 Wonders grow common, & forget their name !  
 Faith can't comprize those Truths the Author tells,  
 And Reason startles at the *Miracles* :  
 Our Modern *Hero's* of the best esteem,  
 Seem Dwarfish Infants when compar'd with him ;  
 Whose tall *Gigantick* Worth, their pitch out flew,  
 And is too great for most of them to View.  
 VVhen to his heighth, the largest thought's sublim'd,  
 It finds no room for Glory left behind :  
 But like the curious searches of the Eye,  
 Returns, and Settles, bounded by the Sky.  
 As were his Actions of Unvalu'd worth,  
 So, wondrous was the manner of his Birth ;  
 VVhen *Jupiter Al'mena* to Enjoy,  
 Three Nights conjoyn'd without a Glimp's of Day ;  
H
That



That in her Husbands Shape he might (by stealth)  
Beget a *Hero* worthy of himself.

But jealous *Juno* who with rage was filld,  
At the presageing Beauties of the Child.  
A pair of Dreadful Serpents sent to be,  
Of his new Life the sad Catastrophe.  
Then with unusual Courage he assails,  
And by his Infant strength so far prevails;  
That by the Early conquest, men begun  
To Guess what Race his Valour was to run.  
VWhilst *Alimena* in Travel went with him,  
*Mycene's* VVife was Big at the same time;  
And *Jupiter* had Swore that which of them  
First should be born, should wear the *Diadem*,  
And o're the other bare entire Command.  
VWhich soon as *Juno* came to understand,  
Two Moneths before the usual time of Birth,  
She caus'd young *Euristheus* to come forth,  
And leave the dangerous Lodging of the VVomb,  
To be successor to his Fathers *Throne*.  
VWhilst slumb'ring there, did young *Alcides* lye,  
Little suspecting the Captivity,

And

And Vassalage he was to undergo,  
 VVhen jealous *Euristheus* came to know  
 That dangerous Valour which adorn'd his mind,  
 Of stout *Alcides*, who to Arms inclin'd,  
 Did his green Youth with such brave Actions Crown,  
 As no contempor'ry Monarch dar'd to own,  
 And *Euristheus* forc'd, by such commands,  
 As scorn'd accomplishment by other hands,  
 In dire full tasks of Valour to expose  
 That Life, which scar'd him more than all his Foes,  
 But all the toyls this *Tyrant* could invent,  
 Serv'd but *Alcides* Glory to augment.  
 Whose dauntless Courage near his Strength forsook,  
 And pow'r accomplit what he undertook.  
 To whom the greatest Perils seem'd but small,  
 And common dangers lookt like none at all.  
 Both which he grappl'd with Victorious hands;  
 And wearied *Euristheus's* harsh cammands.  
 From whom he would have parted; but the pow'rs,  
 VVho oft afflict this wretched Life of ours,  
 Proclaim'd by Oracle it was the will,  
 Of all the Gods that he should serve him still.

Till his bright fame by twelve brave Actions more,  
 VVere made mote glorious than it was before.  
 VVhich thus successively the youth Obeys,  
 And crown'd his labour with Immortal prays.  
 Out of the hollow Conclave of the *Moon*,  
 To *Nemea's* gloomy Forrest tumbling down;  
 A mighty Lyon came, who seeking out  
 For Pray, Devour'd the Country round about.  
 Him, brave *Alcides*, in his Den Surpriz'd,  
 And with strong hands, his knotty wind-pipe seiz'd  
 With such successive strength, that wanting Breath,  
 The Lyon paid his valour with his Death.  
 Then from his back, his ponderous skin he tore,  
 And wore it himself in sign of Conquerour.

Next he was sent to *Lerna's* fulsome Lake,  
 The many headed *Hydra* to attaque;  
 Who loosing one, its wondrous Nature was,  
 To sprout out many others in the place;  
 Nor likely was Mortallity to know,  
 If all were not difsected at one Blow:  
 And afterwards his hateful Body burn'd,  
 Both which *Alcides* happily perform'd.

About that time, the huge *Arcadian* Boar,  
 On *Erimanthus* Mountain did appear;  
 Which young *Alcides* took, and out of Sport,  
 Drag'd him along to *Eurystheus* Court;  
 Whose shape was horrid, and so prone to fright;  
 The timorous *Tyrant* Swooned at the sight.  
 He Vanquish'd *Menalus's* Stag in Fight,  
 And after put *Stymphalus* Birds to Flight;  
 But that which most his peerless Valour Crowns,  
 Was Conquest o're the *Scythian Amazons*.  
 When joyn'd with *Theseus* in that Glorious strife,  
 (To whom he gave *Hypolite* for Wife)  
 The next Injunction which enhaunc'd his Fame,  
 Was, making King *Augias* Stables Clean; |  
 Forcing old *Alpheus* to forget her Stream,  
 And drive her Channel through the midst of them;  
 And so perform'd his promise, in one day,  
 Cleansing of Dung, ten Thousand Tuns away.  
 From thence the *Thracian Tyrant* he persud'd,  
 (Grim *Diomedes*) with a mind endu'd.  
 So Barbarous, and full of Cruelty,  
 That by wild Horses, he made strangers Dye.



Him brave *Alcides* by excess of pow'r;  
 Forc't to that Fate which he impos'd before.  
 And made the strange Three-body'd *Gerion* feel,  
 The fatal weight of his Victorious Steel.

*Alcides* in his next adventure Kil'd  
 The horrid Gardian of th' *Hesperian* Feild;  
 Though some say *Atlas* eas'd him of that Toyl;  
 And left him shouldring up the VWorld the while,  
 But that which brought the largest share of Fame  
 To make immortal his *Heroick Name*,  
 VWas when with unresisted strength he Fell  
 On *Cerberus* and drag'd him out of Hell,  
 And set young *Theseus* (there imprison'd) Free  
 From the vast Pains of Hells Captivitie.  
 This Chain of brave Atcheivments mov'd the Gods  
 To take him to them in their blest Aboads,  
 And 'twas no doubt, for such bright Acts as these,  
*Apollo's Priest* Surnam'd him *Hercules*.







HEBE



## *The Poetical History of Hebe.*

**L**ike Murders, breaches of the Marriage Bed,  
 May sleep a while, but cannot long ly hid.  
 Let the most subtle *Letcher*, wrapt in Night,  
 Tread nere so softly to his Damm'd delight;  
 Find out the privat'st Allies, secret'st ways,  
 To creep obscurely to his brutish joys;  
 Himself disfigure, in a Cloak or Gown  
 So strangely that he thinks he can't be known:  
 The blazing Sin appears through all these shrow'ds  
 As perfectly, as does the Sun through Clouds.  
 VVhen secret *Jupiter* in silence had  
 Enjoy'd the pleasures of *Larons* Bed.  
 Though he appear'd most innocent in shew,  
 He quickly found this Maxim very True.  
 'Like Gunpowder, those lowd Adulterate joys,  
 'Bear with them still a hid and sudden Noys;

For *Jupiter* had hardly done the Sin,  
 But Cursed *Juno* twits him with the Crime;  
 Upbraids him 'fore the Gods, and threats to be  
 No more confin'd to the Marriage-bed than he,  
 Which when vext women swear, we need not doubt  
 To save their Souls, they'l surely bring about.  
*Neptune* the nick observ'd, and did invite  
 The discontented *Juno* to delight  
 Her self by walking to a Neighbouring Field,  
 Which wholesome hearbs, & fragrant flowers did yield.  
 But most of all to treat her curious Pallate,  
 VVith the small Present of a fav'ry Sallet.  
 To tell you what the Poets said of old,  
 Sprung from a treat so unnourishing and cold,  
 VVould but impose upon your better Sences,  
 VVho purchase knowledg by your large expences,  
 And yet are forc't to bribe the Nymph y'have won,  
 Not to declare how faintly you have done.  
 Yet thus those Poets say, that *Juno*, fil'd  
 VVith that strange Sallet, after prov'd with Child;  
 And Modern Authors for a truth relate,  
 That *Hebe* was begotten by the Treat,

whose

VVhose Beauty did prefer her to the Care  
Of her believing Father *Jupiter*.

By whose decree, she was each meal to stand,  
VVith flowing Bowls of wine at his Right hand.

Ready for other Gods, at his express,

To fill full Cups to drink his Happiness,

Nor was she grac't by *Jupiter* alone,

VVho, as his Darling, kept her near his Throne.

But Heav'n throughout her prating beauty fled,

And here on Earth her Name was honoured.

The Learn'd *Athenians* whose great parts best knew

VVhat Homage to *Joves* Cup-bearer was due:

Her perfect beauty, and her pow'r did prize

Above the Rate of common Deities:

Terming her *Youths Fair Goddess*, and each Year

About her spacious Temple did appear

The flow'r of all their beauteous Virgins; who

To her guilt Alter for success did sue

In choos'ing Husbands; wise and aptly bred,

To reap the Pleasures of their happy bed;

Some a young *Chicken*, some a *Kid* would bring;

And some a *Pullet* for their Offering.

Some

Some a streakt Apple, newly pluckt from Tree,  
The Ruddy Emblem of Virginitie.

Some who were poorer, by their wits would try  
To frame such sports as pleas'd their Deity.

Some to the *Ball* would run, some th' *Hays*,  
Some to the *Keets*, and some to *Prison-bays*.

VVasting the day with sports which Youth delight  
And then with Rev'rence wisht her all,--- *Goodnight*.

Thus *Hebe* buoy'd by a respect from *Jove*,

VVas prais'd by men, and Lov'd by those above.

•Tis so with Men; when *Royal* Beams dispence,  
On humble shrubs their powerful Influence.

How soon they sprout? and up t'wards Heav'n do soar

VVho mingled were with common Trees before!

How fast they grow? how far their branches stretch?

How soon they scorn their former Dwarfish pitch?

VVith what contempt does their exalted bow,

Look down and scorn their fellow shrubs below?

How proudly wave they their surmounted heads?

Benighting all the woods with Gloomy shades?

VVhich wond'ring at their greatness, murm'ring stays

At it's old stature, wanting those warm Rays.--

But

But when the Tempest of a *Monarchs* Frown,  
 VVhat he had rais'd, designs to tumble down:  
 VVhen he retracts those Beams, whose friendly heat  
 Has warm'd and nurs'd them to that dangerous fate;  
 And from their tottering heads his help recalls,  
 Their desperate heighth adds tortures to their falls.  
 Makes the bruise worse, and their degraded power,  
 By them is scorn'd whom it had scar'd before.  
*Hebe* supported by the Smiles of *Jove*,  
 Receiv'd from Gods and Men respect and Love.  
 But when the sad disaster of a fall,  
 Before the Gods where she discover'd all ----  
 Those Naked beauties whose strange natures be,  
 To make Men blush, and yet desire to see.  
 Those fertil smiles converted to a frown,  
 The temporizing Gods their love disown.  
 Grudg th' assistance of a worded breath,  
 To speak to *Jove*, who hurl'd her to the Earth;  
 VVhere brave *Alcides* whose large Soul well knew  
 VVhat dangerous falls the *Great* are subject to.  
 And could discern through all the Clouds of Fate,  
 Untainted Vertue in its low estate ;

Intreats



Intreats her Love, and his great Vertue sped  
 So well, that she admits him to her bed.  
 From whose glad Nuptials (much for *Revel's* fam'd)  
 Youths Frolick sports are yet *Hebetria* Nam'd.

---

And from their tender hearts his help recalls  
 Their desperate height, adds courage to their falls.  
 Takes the brute world, and their degraded powers  
 By their kind words, and had long before.

---

Heaven's from Gods and Men respect and love  
 But when the old world's still

before the world, where the world's still  
 Those Mark'd beauties who's strange names be

Those Mark'd beauties who's strange names be  
 Those Mark'd beauties who's strange names be

The coming God, who's love shines  
 Gaily in the midst of the world's still

To speak to thee, who's love shines  
 Where love shines, who's love shines

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What's the matter, who's love shines  
 And could we know through all the clouds of Time

Uncertain, who's love shines  
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## *The Poetical History of Jason.*

**H**OW many Evils *Humane Life* surround;  
 When 'fides those common ones by all men found,  
 Each man within himself does bear about  
 Far greater Mischiefs than he fights without.  
 In all the Pop'lous *Land*, from farthest *West*,  
 To the Remoter Islands of the *East*,  
 Find me but one, who certainly do's know,  
 VVhat's truely Good, from what is so in show;  
 VVithout mistake, for what is't we desire,  
 Or fear discreetly? what would we require  
 To make us blest? but ever as we speed,  
 Repentance seals the very Act and Deed.  
 The easy *Gods* mov'd by no other fate,  
 Than our own Pray'rs, whole Kingdoms Ruinate.  
 VVith things destructive we would oft be blest,  
 And so grow wretched by our own request.

VVhen

When by false reasons Man's affections mov'd,  
 No wonder that he hates the thing he Lov'd;  
 And through the Vail, the Cheat b'ing understood,  
 Perceives an Evil, where he hop'd for Good.  
 Thus the *Thessalian* Monarch *Pelias*, drawn  
 (In *Jasons* mind when he beheld the Dawn  
 Of morning Valour, which did dayly swell,  
 And threaten'd to become remarkable)  
 To dotage; whilst his *Nephews* youth did last,  
 Nothing was wanting, or, for Care, or Cost.  
 No art which did *Heroick* tempers suit,  
 But's Nephew *Jason* must be train'd up t' it.  
*Athens* was not to dear, nor *Greece* too far,  
 To learn him all the *Stratagem*, of War.  
 Nor all the Learning either did afford,  
 To teach him Rule, as well as weild the Sword.  
 But when this prodigy of Valour had,  
 I'th School of VVar a fair progression made;  
 Leaving his Fellows by a brisk advance,  
 To praise his Skill, and Curse their Ignorance:  
 VVhen in the Fields by single Combats he,  
 Had tould the VVorld what he design'd to be;

And

And all who had for Vertue an esteem,  
 As her Disciple 'gan to honour him.  
 Then *Pelias* whom the wondering world believ'd,  
 Would have with joy his Kinsmans fame receiv'd,  
 Suffer'd his Love to make a cold retreat,  
 And heard his prays with jealousy, and hate,  
 Which in his mind a secret longing bred,  
 To blast that worth which he had fostered  
 With so much Pain, and Cost, and aching Cares,  
 It seem'd the business of his latter Years.  
 Thus blind mortality, who wish by ghes,  
 With Sweaty Brows attain unhappiness,  
 Which wrapt in spacious Colours does remain,  
 Unknown to them until they feel the pain.  
*Jason* had such undoubted Valour shown,  
 That *Pelias* grows suspicious of his Thrown:  
 Feels himself totter in the Regal seat,  
 Till's Nephew's Ruin has secur'd his fate,  
 And as a means to work that black design,  
 To *Colchos* famous Kingdom orders him  
 With an injunction not t' return to Greece;  
 But with the Conquest of the Golden Fleece;  
 Which



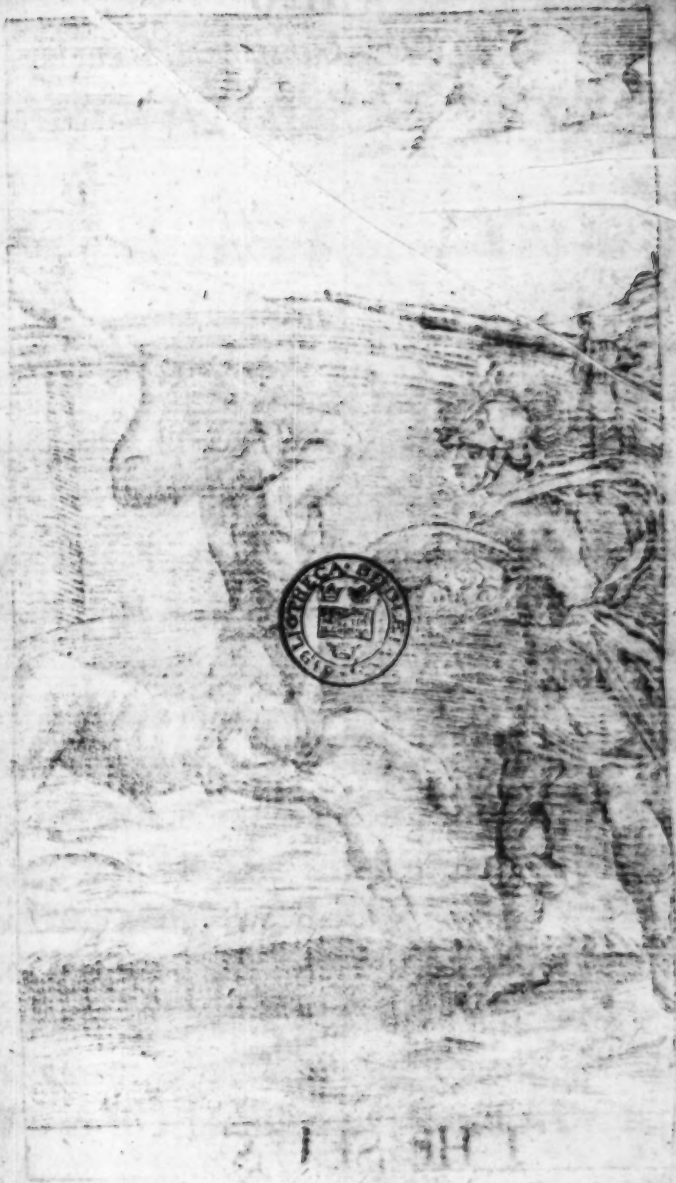
Which *Phrixus* to that Antient City brought,  
 When shelter from his Mothers rage he sought  
 Of great *Æetha*, *Colchos* mighty King,  
 VVho tender of so rich and rare a thing,  
 In *Mars* his Guarden lodg'd it; where a guard  
 Of dreadful Beasts from Men approach debar'd,  
 Strange sulphurous *Bulls* with legs of hardned *Brass*;  
 From whose hot Nostrils dreadful Flames did pass:  
 VVith Dragons, such as great *Alcides* slew,  
 From whose large Tushes mighty Armies grew:  
 VVere the opposers daign'd to be of him  
 VVho that Rich Conquest made his bold design.

Undaunted *Jason* had no sooner heard  
 The news; but for the Voyage straight prepar'd:  
 Of firm *Dodonean* wood, a Ship both strong;  
 ( And could discourse him as she rid a long. )  
 Nor were the youth of *Greece* so stupid grown  
 But that they thirsted likewise for Renown;  
 Each Fathers blood did in his Son create  
 Desire to share with *Jason* in his Fate.  
*Theseus* nor *Castor* could not sit at home  
 Whilst his Young youth Minopoliz'd renown;

But

But *Pollux*, *Orpheus*, *Lynceus*, and a Score  
 Of young Ambitious Valiant *Grecians* more,  
 Who would no opportunity decline  
 Of gaining Honour, went along with him.  
 Todauntless mindes, which Dangerous Glory court;  
 The turbulent fury of the Waves were sport;  
 They only learnt by Calms, and Storms, to know  
 The various Fate the Great must undergo.  
 Thus whilst *Heroick* thoughts had entertain'd  
 Their Minds; the fleeting Ship had *Colebas* gain'd;  
 Where *Jason* by a Visit made at Court,  
 To Fair *Medea* parted with his Heart,  
 Which she above her own so far prefers,  
 That in exchange, she kindly sent him hers;  
 Which fair return of Love did help to bring  
 To quick perfection *Jasons* grand design.  
*Medea* skil'd in Magick Art did prove,  
 Whom *Jason* soon obliged by his Love:  
 Her sire *Eetha's* Int'rest to dispise,  
 When it in competition stood with his;  
 By Virtue of her Art, he caus'd her keep  
 Those Horrid *Bulls* and *Dragons* fast asleep;

Which bound in strong *Incantments* silent lay,  
 Whilst a subtle *Jason* stole the Fleece away.  
 Which with *Medea*, (by the help of Night)  
 T'wards *Thessaly* he made his hasty flight;  
 But was by *Eetha* persu'd so far,  
 That Maugre both the Lovers speed and care  
 They had been taken; had not *Media's* Sin  
 By butchering his Son Prevented him:  
 Whose reeking Limbs, about the Road she flung,  
 Which *Eetha* viewing as he ran along,  
 Gath'ring them up; bemoan'd the Infants Fate,  
 Whilst both the Lovers made their safe retreat.  
 Thus what for *Jasons* Ruin, *Pelias* sought,  
 Has to his Fame immortal Glory brought.  
 'The Man whose Actions Virtue recommends,  
 'Is more Obliged to his Foes, than Friends.  
 'Their Senses force him to unusual Good,  
 , Whilst these embrace him in the common Road,



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## *The Poetical History of Theseus.*

**R**Enowned *Theseus* of *Aegens* came,  
 From whom th'*Aegean* Sea derives her Name.  
 VWhen *Theseus* came to age, the *Athenian World*  
 He found, by Vices in Confusion hurl'd,  
 The *Great*, (he saw) others goods did boast,  
 VWhich their unequal strength had rudely forc'd  
 From helpless subjects; who were fain to Lye  
 Silent beneath their pond'rous Tyranny.  
 Instead of Vertue, black Injustice Raign'd,  
 And rude Extortion overspread the Land,  
 Princes turn'd Robbers, and then greatness priz'd,  
 According as they had the poor dispiz'd.  
 The Widdows crys *Chorust* with *Orphans* Tears,  
 VWas the best Musick could salute their Ears;  
 And him the Lawrel others did bequeath,  
 VWho to his Subjects gave the painful'st Death.



But when young *Theseus* came to understand  
 The Sins and Horrors which besmeer'd the Land,  
 His Virtuous anger did no courage lack  
 To give their Tyranies an harsh attack.  
 The brutish *Scyron* who with grateful care,  
 Did plung into the Sea Each passenger ;  
 Was the first victim glory did afford  
 To this young Princes unexperienc'd Sword.  
 The next *Procrustes* was, who took delight,  
 With's Knife, his subjects Limbs to disunite,  
 Whose happy Death too, did such fame afford,  
 As double gilded Conqu'ring *Theseus's* Sword.  
 But that which fil'd the Sails of Fame more full,  
 Was the Destruction of *Marathons* Bull ;  
 Which with the assistance of a mighty Boar,  
 Had vanquished *Meleager* just before.  
 But that which through the world did farthest fly,  
 And gave his Sword the deepest Purple Dye,  
 Was that immortal honour he obtain'd,  
 When Conquest o're the Monitor he gain'd.  
 The manner thus. King *Minos* having lost  
 His Son *Androgius* on the *Awick* Coast ;

( VWho

( Who as he to his Native Country Fled,  
 VWas by those Natives basely Massacred )  
 Bears his proud Standarts 'fore *Megara's* walls;  
 And there for satisfaction loudly calls:  
 Threatens, if once deny'd, that noyse to change,  
 And make his Cannons Bellow hot revenge.  
 The Tremb'ling *Megarites* affraid appear,  
 And by no means will bear the brunts of war:  
 But rather than their angry Foe withstand,  
 Proffer him Peace upon his own demand.  
 VWhich was to this effect, th' *Athenians* were  
 A thousand Men to send him every year;  
 VWhich by the Kings command were destin'd for  
 To be devour'd by this huge *Monitor*,  
 (VWhom *Pasiphea*, *Minos* Lustful wife,  
 By the imbracés of a Bull gave Life )  
 Amongst those Youths, who this hard fate did run,  
*Theseus* intreats th' *Athenians* to be one;  
 That from that strange inhuman tribute he,  
 Might be the means to set his Country free;  
 Ingageing he the Nation would Exempt  
 From that sad Debt, or Perish i'th' attempt.

*Ageus* and his States-Men both profess,  
 VVith much remorse they granted his request.  
 And caus'd his Ship in Sable Flags to Mourn,  
 To speak their Sorrow till his safe Return.  
 VVhich *Theseus* promis'd to supply with VWhite,  
 If Conquest Crown'd him i'th' unequal Fight.  
 But if with wind those gloomy Sails were Fil'd,  
 In her return, they might conclude him Kil'd,  
 VVith this adieu, they cut the Liquid main,  
 And with success the Isle of *Crete* obtain;  
 At whose arrival, *Mino's* seems o're joy'd,  
 The *Athenians* had so brave a tribute pay'd  
 Of Lusty Youths, whom he secured for  
 The dayly Viends of his *Monitor*;  
 VVhich monstrous Creature *Mino's* had bestow'd,  
 (As the most inaccessible aboard)  
 In fam'd *Dadalus* Laberinth; which did  
 VVith various windings all return forbid  
 To those whom business or diversion led,  
 Th' elaborate turnings of the Maze to tread.  
 But nature *Theseus* such attractions lent,  
 As he with ease, this danger did prevent:

By his good features he familiar grew  
 VVith *Ariadne* who retain'd the Clew,  
 VVhich to the hideous Monster gave access,  
 And free'd th' invader from the fatal Maze.  
 On promise *Theseus* would this fair one VVed,  
 She kindly lent him the assisting Thred;  
 By which conducted to the Monitor,  
 VVhom he attempted with such art and pow'r;  
 That all the indulgence *Theseus* could afford,  
 VVas, that he dy'd by so Renoun'd a Sword.  
 VVhen the brave Conquest *Theseus* had obtain'd,  
 VVhich nobly drew him from his Native Land;  
 And no atchievment else was left, which cou'd,  
 By his attempting do his Country Good.  
 He fled with *Ariadne* to that Shore,  
 Where he had Landed not a week before;  
 And where his Fellows, with his Ship had lain -  
 VVith much impatience, since expecting him,  
 VVho when they Loaded, saw with that fair prize  
 Unusual Joy their drooping spirits seize,  
 They then no longer doubted his success,  
 Conquest fate smileing in his princely Face;

Besides, his beauteous Plunder lookt so fair,  
 They knew she was the just reward of war;  
 Nothing but Valour could such Riches buy,  
 Beauty's a prize for glorious Victory;  
 With joyful Tryumph, they their Sails display,  
 And with strong Oars assist the Leasy Sea ---  
 But dismal grief shall o're their joy prevail;  
 Theseus forgets to shift the Gloomy Sail,  
 Which as a sign of Death Egeus View'd  
 From off the Shoar, and jump't into the Flood,  
 So careful of his Fame the Monarch was,  
 He wou'd not live to hear his Sons disgrace;  
 But left him on his error to reflect,  
 Who lost a Father by his gross neglect.







CERES

*The Poetical History of Ceres.*

**W**Hat strange *Chimera's* in the time to come,  
 Does man conceit, to drag him to his doom;  
 VVho could he but his certain *Ills* discry,  
 VVould baulk his *Fate*, and bravely choose to dye.  
 In humane *Life* it is as *Sea* decreed,  
 The frequent *Storms* do much the *Calmes* exceed  
 Our *Griefts*, continu'd as the *Earth* appears,  
 VVhilst *Musbroome* joys sprout out but here and there,  
 And by their *Fetch-fire* *Stays*, so useless grow,  
 Like *Ghosts* they leave us, and we know not how:  
 As well in his short *Grasp* may man surprise,  
 Those flashes *Thunder* frightens from the *Skyes*,  
 Lay hold of *Light'ning*, and say here it is,  
 As, here's an hour of undisturbed *Bliss*,  
 And yet this silly, huffing, Creature *Man*,  
 VVho startles the *Creation* with his Name,  
 whose

VVhose unjust force, spoys Natures *Common-Wealth*,  
 Feeding on Creatures happier than himself,  
 VVho only wanting Reasons, helps to guide  
 Their Nobler parts, lie subject to his Pride;  
 This silly thing, I say, who hectors here,  
 And will admit of no Competitor,  
 Nor holds with other Creatures kind commerce,  
 But Proudly *Lords* it o're the *Universe*.  
 How tame and basely does he bear the weight  
 And gross affronts of his Injurious Fate!  
 How like a sordid *Ass* he groaning Lies,  
 Under the Burthen of his Miseries!  
 How unconcern'd the wonderous *Thing* appears,  
 Maugre the influence of his envious Stars!  
 Fate, like a Hectoring *Gamster* gives the wrong,  
 And after Kicks him till he holds his tongue,  
 Silent as Night, the reasoning *Bubble* stands,  
 And mildly takes the *Buffets* at her Hands:  
 VVhich *Sans* Resistance he does still sustain,  
 Blinded by hope thee'l let him play again;  
 Then with a distant Joy she charmes his Eies,  
 Which, like his Shadow, he pursuing flies,

As distant *Fogges* which 'fore us thick appear,  
 But vanish when we travel where they are.  
 Thus whilst in quest of *Bliss* he vainly stays,  
 She rudely cheats him of his Youth, and days.  
 And after all his Lifetime b'ing her slave,  
 Sends him a *Bankrupt* to his Dampish Grave.

Ah ! who ( that wares his Passport by his side )  
 Would thus be subject to her boundless Pride;  
 That had but *Wit*, and *Soul*, enough to try,  
 To thwart her *Rage*, and bravely choose to *Dye*;  
 VVhat *Alps* of *Ills* she makes him melt his way  
 Through, to obtain but one poor glimpse of Joy;  
 And then what *Wells* of Grief he falls into,  
 Loosing the pleasure which he did pursue.  
 Thus careful *Ceres*, her proposed bliss,  
 Plac't in her wilful Daughters happiness.  
 And *Proserpina's* Beauty seem'd t'ingage  
 Her Mothers wishes when she came to Age.  
 Th' admiring Gods, with all their cunning, strove  
 VVho should be most officious in his Love:  
 VVhilst her perfections Guarded by her Pride,  
 First bid them sue, and then their suit deny'd.

Each

Each Heav'nly Lover by his ghesſes ſought,  
 VVho could anticipate her happy thought.  
 And put into accepted Act the ſame;  
 Before her words had given it any Name;  
 Nor common Gods alone, but mighty Jove  
 As well as they, adorn'd her with his Love;  
 And all the other Deities by him,  
 Takeing example, gave her great eſteem.  
 VVhereat contented Ceres ſimp'ring ſate,  
 Almost aſſured of her Daughters Fate;  
 That it muſt glorious be ſince a reſpect  
 So great as hers wou'd brook no ill effect;  
 But whoſe preſages can foretel the hit,  
 VVhich often happens 'twixt the Cup and Lip.  
 Or who ſo prudent is to truely Gheſs,  
 In threat'ning Goods, or Ills, their right ſucceſs.  
 In whoſe is it, but mighty Joves great power?  
 To tell the product of a ſhort liv'd Hour;  
 Or when big belly'd Time affords a Birth,  
 To one poor Minute what it ſhall bring forth?  
 Alas! our ſhort Inſpections are confin'd,  
 VVe judg the Apple by its glorious Rhind,  
 Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the outside, we no farther look,  
 VVe only read the Cover of the Book,  
 VVhich if but wrapt up in a gaudy skin,  
 We think it Good and mind not what's within.  
*Fate*, like a Curious *Clock-work* we discern,  
 The motion we behold, but cannot learn  
 The manner how it makes its wound'rous flight,  
 The *Working-Springs* alas! are barr'd our sight,  
 By its past motion we suppose it will  
 Run on, and keep it self in Action still;  
 But then the wisest of us does not know  
 The pace it tends to, whither fast, or slow,  
 Our earnest wishes can't its stay perswade,  
 It may stand still for *Us*, or Retrograde.  
 As well the VVeather, we may hope controul;  
 VVe must indure it whether Fair, or Foul ---  
 But when Injurious *Fate* designs to show  
 How great the Ills are which she can bestow;  
 VVhen she grows wanton, and intends to be  
 Esteemed witty by her Cruelty.  
 Up to, the highest Hill of Hope she heaves  
 The poor condemned wretch, who thence perceives,  
 Almost



Almost within his reach the wisht for Joy;  
 Which as he goes to grasp--- she plucks away;  
 And from the summit of a hope so fair,  
 Tumbles him headlong into black despair.  
 Thus careful *Ceres* with glad Eies beheld,  
 The prosperous progress of her Beauteous Child:  
 From whose past Fortunes she did more than Ghesse  
 At her dear Daughters future happiness.  
 She now shakes hands with all her pains and Care,  
 And lets brisk Joy supply the place of fear.  
 But am'rous *Pluto* soon this Calm distroys,  
 He ravisht both her Daughter, and her Joys;  
 Teaching us all (at her excessive Cost)  
 To make no Reconings there where *Fate's* the Host


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The





SALACIA



## *The Poetical History of Salacia.*

**T**O what wild Actions do our phancies Move,  
 VVhen tost and hurry'd by a storm of Love!  
 Hudwinckt by it, we take our full Carreer,  
 Leap at adventure, though we know not where;  
 Like Fear, it makes us Jump in so much hast,  
 We mind no danger till 'tis fully past;  
 But in our calm return do wond'ring find,  
 Those mighty Ditches which we left behind:  
 VVe then amazed stand to see Loves Pow'r,  
 And stare at what we undertook before.

When Love like some great *Monarch*, is inclin'd  
 To sit at *Helm* and steer the Lab'ring Mind;  
 VVhether he guides the Vessel right, or wrong,  
 The other passions almost hold their Tongue.  
 Like common *Sea-men* they must all stand still,  
 To be conducted by his potent will.

Though

Though Heav'n does know how oft on Rocks we split;  
 When Love's the *Pilot* of our *Creakie Ship*,  
 Sometimes to Northern Coasts he makes his way,  
 And Freezes Lovers in an *Icy Sea*  
 Of deep despair, where they complaining lye,  
 Till Death Redeems them from the slavery.  
 Sometimes on *Calmy Seas* he seems to float,  
 And Ruins Lovers in the midst of Hope.  
 Sometimes t'ward *Home* he kindly does resort,  
 And gives 'um Shipwrack in their wisht for Port;  
 Such various Ruins hapless Lovers weight,  
 'Twould reel an *Atlas* to sustain their Fate,  
 And make him think (could he their sorrows view)  
 The *World* the lighter burden of the two,  
 Misterious *Love* his subjects do's ingage  
 To run to miseries themselves presage,  
 Their Minds like his, with frantick valor fill'd,  
 VVho stabs himself for fear of being kill'd.  
 Thus fair *Salacia* having seen what grace  
 And God like luster shown in *Neptunes* face,  
 By *Reasons* help endeavour'd to refrain  
 From that fierce Love which she oppos'd in Vain;  
But

But blinking *Cupid* struck the fiery Dart  
 With so much force in her unguarded Heart;  
 That startled Reason, her Old stage forsook,  
 Fearing to bear the burden --- of the shock.  
 And in her absence mighty *Love* possess'd,  
 The happy *Mansion* of *Salacia's* Brest.  
 Ah *Love* ! how many sleep-obstructing *Cares* !  
 How many *Tortures*, bloody *Massacres* !  
 How many dauncing *Tides*, of *Hope* and *Fear* !  
 How many *Groans* ! what *Gulphs* of deep despair !  
 May that unhappy wretch expect to bear,  
 In whose warm breast thou sit'st as *Emperior*,  
*Salacia's* dismal story will discry  
 In part the Rigor of thy *Tyranny*.  
 The beauteous Maid unable to sustain  
 The frequent pressures of her growing flame,  
 Repair'd with speed to those Cool shady bowers,  
 Where *Neptune* spent his Melancholly hours,  
 When freindly Calms had kindly set him free,  
 From the ruination of the Rageing *Sea*,  
 Cover'd with blushes, there *Salatia* spoke  
 To surly *Neptune*, whom she did invoke



( By all those dearest things poor Lovers name )  
 To mind and pittie her increasing flame.  
 She told him how at first the pleasing sight  
 Of his perfection gave her great delight,  
 That she had often stole to that blest place,  
 And worn out evenings, Gazing at his face :  
 From whence she did behold such glories come,  
 As do's through Boughs, invaded by the Sun.  
 When shivering Leaves the warm assaults abide,  
 And make a *Checquer* on the other side.  
 She told him that from looking, her strange thought  
 To *likeing* first, and thence to *Love* was brought :  
 That *Love* did all her former quiet seize,  
 Before she could imagine what he was.  
 He robb'd her days of business, and Delights,  
 Of sleep, she said, he rudely robb'd her Nights :  
 And now of late so insolent was grown,  
 He often spoyl'd her high *Devotion*.  
 She told him farther that she once design'd  
 To blow the Embers of her restless mind,  
 To such a scorching blaze as might consume,  
 The Oyl of life, and so prevent her doom.

Before

Before the story of her love should fly  
 About the World, to Preach her infamy!  
 Lastly she told him ( and a Pearly Due  
 Of trickling Tears affirm'd it to be true )  
 That that same instant he contemn'd her Love;  
 She wou'd to some unheard of Desart rove,  
 There to remain , till strong Corroding greif  
 Should put a period to her wretched life.  
 Th' imperious *God*, swel'd with that vast renown;  
 VVhich he derived from his watry Throne,  
 VVith thoughts of *Glory* so his mind imploy'd,  
 That there was room for nothing else beside.  
 The pitteous story from the *Nymph* he heard,  
 With some small silence, but much less regard.  
 And then as unconcern'd made hasty way  
 To his old home, and Jumpt into the Sea:  
 Ah *Love* ! what wond'rous dangers dost thou make;  
 Thy poor neglected *Captives* undertake !  
 Disdainful *Neptune*, could not make such hast  
 But greiv'd *Salatia* could persue as fast.  
 And from the very banck where on he stood  
 When he jumpt off, she leapt into the flood,

Where, from her beauties, such brightbeams did scatter;  
 As do from Glittering torches under water.  
 The joyful fish about the solstice play,  
 Thinking the Sun is dropt into the Sea. ---  
 At length a freindly *Dolphin*, who with greif,  
 Had seen what pains *Salacia* took for life;  
 Presents his scaly Back, whereon the Maid,  
 By his assistance, and her own convey'd;  
 Is born to *Neptunes* Court: the wond'ring King;  
 Amaz'd and troubled at her suffering,  
 Admirs a noble Gratitude, to find  
 A fair reception in his Princely Mind.  
 VWhich made him all his former pride disown,  
 And Crown her *Empress* of his watry *Throne*.

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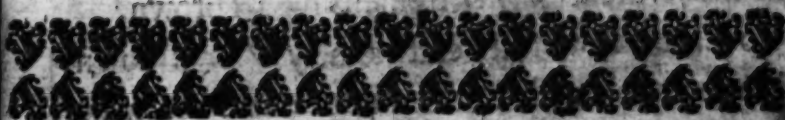
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## The Poetical History of Vulcan.

**T**O *Form* and *Beauty*, what rash Pen dare strive  
 To attribute their just prerogative.  
 In things *inanimate* they charm as well,  
 As in Those *Rational*, or *sensible*.  
*Beauty* still pleases, and retains its force,  
 Though Lavish nature wasts it on a *Horse*.  
 Which oft she does, on every Limb throughout,  
 Whilst *Hump-Back* Mortals murmuring, go without.  
 But it's *Antipodes Monstrosity*,  
 Contracts a hateful Glance from ev'ry Eye,  
 We see it often such an *Odium* draws,  
 As interrupts the Course of *Natures Laws*.  
 Makes startled *Fathers* from their Children run,  
 The trembling *Mother* curse her teeming *Womb*.  
 Makes blushing *Gods* from their dear *Issue* fly,  
 And *Goddesses* disown their Progeny.



It made great *Jupiter* from his high Thrown;  
 To Earths Low seat, cast homely *Vulcan* down.  
 Nature with all her wheedlings could not make,  
 A full attonement for his ugly shape.

Though with her usual pressures she could plead,  
 He was the off-spring of his Marriage Bed.

And helpless Infancy one would have thought,  
 Might in a Father much Compassion wrought,

Yet these were arguments too weak to engage

The angry Father, to suspend his Rage;

Who by a fall so great as from his Thrown;

Thought to have ended his detested Son.

But *Juno* to God *Æolus* did call

To raise such winds, as might abate his fall :

Which interposing 'twixt the Earth and him;

Hinder'd his Father of his harsh design.

Born on the downy back of some soft Gale,

Secur'd of Life, the tumbling Infant fell

With one Leg under him, which being two small

To bear his weight, was broken in the fall ;

Of which he after Limpt, But by the same

Which by his parts th'abused Child did gain;

When

VVhen Manly years, like the approaching day,  
 Had Chac'd his *Night* of Infancy away;  
 I'de have the Reader and my self beware  
 Of slighting Noble parts, where e're they are.  
 VVhat if unburnisht walls thy Soul imbrace,  
 Thy Glittering mind will lighten all the Case.  
 VVhat though thy Body's in a Suit that's torn,  
 Thy self neglected, and thy state forlorn;  
 VVhat if misfortunes hurry thee to dwell  
 In some low Cottage, or some mouldy Cell;  
 VVit like the purest mettels which are found,  
 VVill still keep precious, though 't be under ground.  
 And time may come, when they thy parts may crave,  
 VVho now deride thee whilst thou'rt Fortunes slave.  
 VVhat though the killing thunder, from a brow  
 Of some Great *Monarch*, stoop to cut thee low,  
 Thou mayst with safety (if thou'rt truly wise,)  
 Th' obstreperous bussle of the storm dispise.  
 Stay till its o're ---; and thou shalt surely find,  
 VVhen threatning dangers do infest his mind.  
 He will revoke his rage, and Court thee more  
 Than he disdain'd, or envy'd the before.

Thus *Jove*, whilst Rowling in a peace secure;  
 Could not the presence of his Son indure.  
 But cause he homly seem'd, must him abhor:  
 (A fault the child might thank his Parents for.)  
 VVhen prosperous Greatness swells the faded mind,  
 In things most perfect, men will errors find.  
 But when misfortune makes her Rude assaults,  
 They chose the good, and over look the faults.  
 VVhen *Tytans* Injur'd seed did take up Arms,  
 And frighted *Heaven* with their loud Allarms.  
 Threw Hills, on Hills, till Mountains grew so high,  
 That thence they reacht the *Rampiers* of the Sky.  
 And urg'd by wrongs, so insolent were grown,  
 To threaten *Jove*, to pull him from his Thrown.  
 The Heav'ly *Emperor* his rage to show,  
 At first Salutes them with a frowning brow,  
 But that Alas! was in signif'cant now.  
 Then hastily he calls the other *Gods*,  
 But they were frighted to their dark abodes,  
 And from their *Monarch* in his danger run,  
 Then he bethinks him of his injur'd Son:

VVho

VWho readily to his assistance flies;  
 And drives the threatening *Gyants* from the skyes;  
 Rallies the *Timorous Gods*, and chides them so,  
 He made 'em Valiant if they wou'd, or no.  
 Thus from a private sword a *Prince* may gain  
 The help he hopes from's *General* in vain.  
 A poor *D'Amboys* with a noble Soul,  
 Could all the factious men in *France* controul.  
 And from her threatn'd *Crown*, those dangers 'Chace,  
 VWhich boldly star'd whole *Armies* in the face.  
 This brave assault neglected *Vulcan* gave  
 The Dairing *Gyants*, made the *Gods* perceive  
 Through the Dark Lanthorne of his gloomy skin,  
 A brave *Heroick* spirit lodg'd within.  
 Such as not only VVarlike actions Grace,  
 But might be useful in the time of Peace,  
 To dangerous *Valour* needful *Art* conjoyn'd,  
 To the compleating of his noble mind;  
 VWhich made great *Jove* (when bold *Prometheus* stole)  
 From Heav'ns warm Alter; the immortal Coal;  
 To move his *forms*, which wanted but a Soul.

Great

Great *Vulcan* in the punishment employ,  
 VWho by his *Black-Smiths* art found out away  
 On top of *Mount Caucasus* bleakish Rift,  
 To bind him fast, for his ambitious Thief.  
 The *Gods* to *Vulcan* now gave great regard,  
 In whose hot forge their Armour was prepar'd:  
 But that which gave *Heav'n's Black-Smith* most renown,  
 He forg'd the Glittering Charriot of the Sun:  
 VWith his own hands he wrought that wondrous steel,  
 VWhich shut out Death from all parts but the heel.  
 Temper'd by him with so much care and Art,  
 It scorn'd the fury of Strong *Hectors* Dart.  
 And made the wond'ring *Trojans* Stare to see,  
 A *Grecian* clad in *Immortality*.

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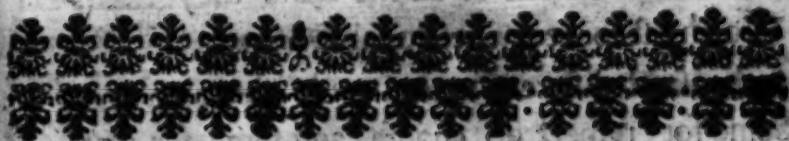




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## *The Poetical History of Vesta.*

**A**S tis with *Salvage* Nations, who descent  
 Amongst themselves, for want of Government;  
 Some Learned *Heathen* wiser then the rest,  
 Greiving to see his native Land oppress'd,  
 Urg'd by a gen'rous inclination, tries  
 To heal the *Breach*, by firm lay'd Policies.  
 Which to effect, he from the Crowd withdraws;  
 And there Invents such sound and wholsome Laws,  
 As by observance, probably might be,  
 The certain means to their prosperity.  
 VVhich when h' has done, he tells them that he finds  
*Monarchick* Government best suits their minds.  
 VVhich in ambitions Road too high do soar,  
 T' admit of more than one Superior.  
 The Gaping crow'd with patience thus far hear;  
 But when he comes to a particular,

And

And ask them who of all the Land they 'steem  
Worthy 'st to wear the Royal *Diadem*.

A thousand different votes invade the air,  
Some for respect do choose, and some for fear.

Some Glittering *Interest* makesto vote a lowd,  
And others only bawl amongst the Crowd.

Till by a Differing strange Confused cry,  
They quite confound their dull layd *Monarchy*.

So he who Backward casts his careful eye,

And traces Atheism to its infancy :

Who by the strength of boundless phancy, can  
Concept he sees the world as it began.

I mean those parts of it, which yet had layn  
Barren for want of great *Jehovahs* Name )

May well imagine e're their first advance

From Atheism, and bruitish Ignorance,

How sordidly, and like the common Herd,

Those wretches liv'd, without the least regard

To different good, or evil, which did lie

Obscure from them, as thoughts of *Deity*;

Till some brave *Heathen*, who with care had hurld,

His watchful eyes about this wondrous world;

Veiw'd

View'd this well order'd Mass of earth, and the  
 Restrained Limits of the threatening *Sea*,  
 The swift pac'd year, and the alternate course  
 Of Radiant *Day*, and sable *Night*, by force  
 Of some EXISTANCE, which refus'd to appear,  
 But was indeed Dame *Natures* Taskmaster,  
 Which he concluded must immortal Be,  
 Omniscient too, and so a Deity.  
 Which verdict after him the Brethren pass,  
 Though none knew what, or who, or where he was,  
 So that for want of *Scriptures* faithful Clue,  
 So they ador'd, they car'd not what, nor who.  
 Some as the only God, great *Saturn* follow,  
 Some worship *Mars*, and some Divine *Apollo*,  
 Some *Jupiter*, some *Venus* most Esteem,  
 And some the Horned *Black-Smith* took for him,  
 Nay some in fragrant Feilds, and Gardens seek,  
 In hopes to find them in their *Rue*, or *Leek*.  
 Whilst others more remote, ador'd by fame,  
 And nicknam'd one God with anothers name.  
 Thus that high thought which first did nobly soar,  
 In eager quest of the *Æternal* pow'r,

Was

Was clipt or Pinnion'd by the grovling crow'd ;  
 Who nothing of its Vallew understood :  
 But ranckt in *Sects*, to such confusion fled,  
 As quite destroy'd their Deities indeed.  
 Leaving it difficult for us to give,  
 Each *God* or *Goddeſs*, juſt Derivative.  
 Thus from great *Saturn*, and fair *Rhea's* womb,  
 The *Goddeſs Veſta* is deduc'd by ſome.  
 Whilſt others ſearching out her doubtful birth,  
 Mother to *Saturn* call'd her, and the Earth.  
 How e're the fame of her chaſt life was hurld  
 In that rude age, about the liſtening world.  
 And noble *Romans* ( who with watchful Eyes,  
 Did mind young *Virtue* in her ſpring or riſe.  
 In Infant *Veſta* ſaw ſo larg a ſtore,  
 As made them fall from loving , to adore  
 Her peerleſs Chaſtitie, which did incline  
 Them to believe its owner was Divine.  
 Then in reſpect of beauty, wit, and birth,  
 They *Goddeſs* term'd her, both of fire and Earth.  
 And rais'd her ſuch a Temple, as did prove  
 The *Romiſh* Piety as well as Love ;



The glorious out-side of it did appear  
*August* to sight, in shape Orbicular.

The carved in-side Gorgious to behold;  
 The Pavement, marble Pillers, cloath'd in gold.  
 Whilst glittering Flames her sacred Alters Crown,  
 ( Fir'd with no other Taper but the Sun. )

A thousand untouch'd Virgins round her stand,  
 To hear the dictates of her chaste command.

Which by a secret instinct they imbrace,  
 And by their best endeavours bring to pass.

" Such charms are Coucht in real virtue, that

" It can at worst command a happy fate.

" Men in the hot meridian of their Time,

" Bubbel'd by Hell, uncleanness may design.

" And urg'd by blood, and youth, together may,

" To their dear cost that trivial blifs enjoy.

" But when tyrannick age shall rudely throw

" Her hands abroad, and dredg their heads with snow;

" VVhen to their greif their streaked Locks they see,

" ( The startling T O K E N S of mortality. )

" A Strange remorse shall strike through all their Limbs

" Their quivering knees shall sink beneath their sins.

“ And



And they when 'tis too late be forc't to own,

No life so happy as the Pious one,

(The Devil with no other I fear but the Lord.)

A thousand unthought of ways round her stand,

To bear the rigours of her chaste command;

And by a secret influence they inspire,

And by their best endeavours bring to pass,

Such charms as the Conch in real virtue has,

It can as well command a happy state,

As the hot breath of the Conch can heat,

And woud by blood, and wound, and rage, may

To their dear cost that mortal bliss enjoy,

But when command is thus in vain,

They stand amazed, and their heads with wonder

And when to their great thank I look they see

(The living God of mercy.)

A strange command, though all their limbs

That power has a hand this power is the Lord,

And



